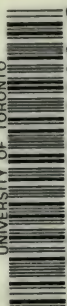


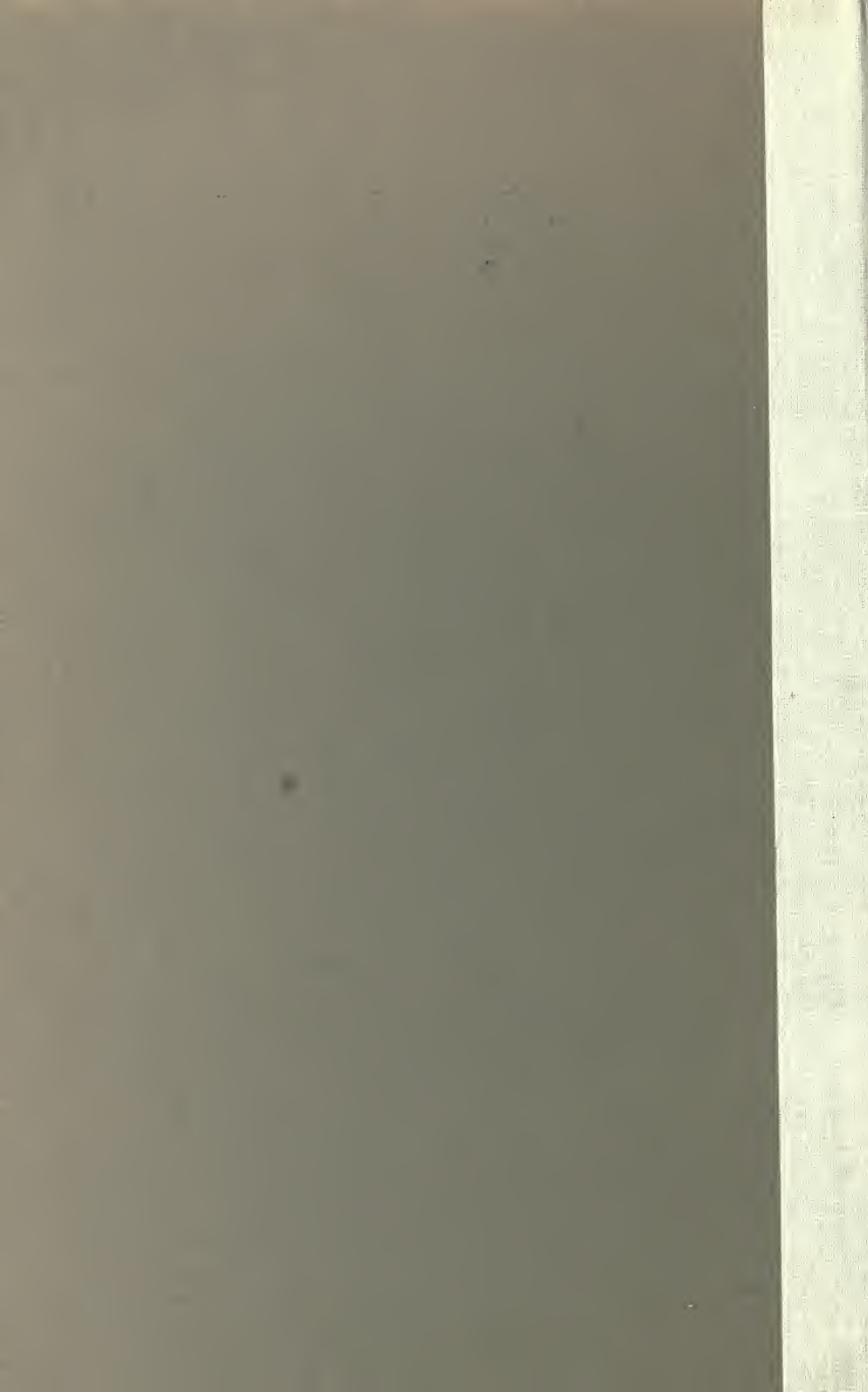
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Sapte, William
"Stage-iana,"

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1892



STAGEIANA⁹⁹

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PRICE 6D.

FUNNY
STORIES



of The PLAYHOUSE
The PLAY AND
The PLAYERS.

PILED & EDITED BY
W. SAPTE, JUN.

PUBLISHED BY
C. H. FOX
5. RUSSELL ST. COVENT GARDEN. W.C.

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Counsel's Opinion. In consequence of the numerous fraudulent Competitions (so called) that have recently been promoted, the proprietors of many papers are declining altogether to take this class of advertisement. This is naturally a great injustice to honest promoters, a Messrs. Stuart & Co., Cycle Dealers, of Stockton-on-Tees, having promoted a very valuable Competition for no less than £280, have placed the whole scheme, their circulars, and everything else before the eminent Barrister, Mr. Horace E. Avory, and the following is an extract of his opinion:—

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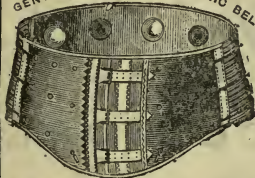
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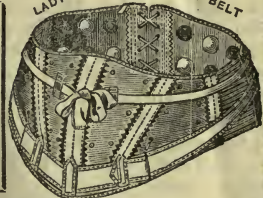
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THEATRICAL NEWS.

MISS JESSIE BOND, the popular actress of the Savoy Theatre, says that she is delighted with Mr. C. B. Harness' electropathic treatment. Many times her voice and health would have completely broken down had it not been for this rational method of cure. She will be glad to answer any questions on the subject, and strongly recommends all in search of health to either call at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., and avail themselves of a free personal consultation, or write to the secretary of the establishment for a pamphlet and book of testimonials.

INTERNAL WEAKNESS.

Miss Handside, Fleatham Mill, Cathill, writes, August 13th, 1891:—"I am more than thankful for the great benefit I have received from your Electropathic treatment. I felt stronger and much better from the first day of wearing the Electropathic Belt, its effect being marvellous, and, altogether, I can enjoy life better than I have done for years. I am considerably stronger than before." All in search of health should follow this lady's example, and procure one of these world-famed health appliances, and wear it regularly. One thousand recent original testimonials may be seen at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W, where Mr. C. B. Harness, (President) and the Medical Battery Company's other officers may be consulted without charge, either personally or by letter. Those who cannot call should write at once for pamphlet and book of testimonials.

MR. WATSON'S EVIDENCE.

JOHN R. WATSON, Esq., 14, Market Street, Harwich, writing to Mr. Harness, April 14, 1892:—"Referring to my former testimonial given you some years ago, I still find your Electropathic Belt the same reliable antidote against my old enemy, but I think I ought to tell you that recently, through overstrain, I suffered severely from 'Nervous Exhaustion' and extreme depression brought on by over taxation; the additional treatment you recommended me for application to the whole of the spine was completely successful, and I am now in perfect health and vigour." The original of this and thousands of other unsolicited testimonials may be seen at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone Place). Private consultations are free, either personally or by correspondence, and all communications are regarded as confidential. Those who cannot call should make a note of the address, and write at once for descriptive pamphlet

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“STAGE-IANA.”

1,000 FUNNY & STORIES

— OF —

The & Playhouse,
The & Play & and & the & Players.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
W. SAPTE, Junr.

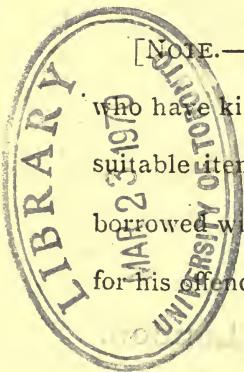
PUBLISHED BY
C. H. FOX,
25, Russell Street, Covent Garden, London.

PREFACE.

:0:

“STAGE-IANA” purports to be a collection of “Funny Stories” incidental to the Play, the Playhouse and the Players, while not a few will be found to deal more particularly with the Playgoer. Like any other compilation of anecdotes, it contains, doubtless, “chestnuts” galore, but against that must be put the undoubted fact that every reader will find many stories quite new to him. The little volume may, it is hoped, serve to while away a pleasant hour or two, and it may, perhaps, prove a welcome addition to the theatrical library. Anyhow, we believe it is the first published volume of anecdotes which deals exclusively with theatrical topics.

[NOTE.—The compiler is greatly indebted to those Editors who have kindly allowed him to ransack their columns for suitable items, and if he has in any instance unwittingly borrowed without permission, he hereby tenders full apology for his offence.]



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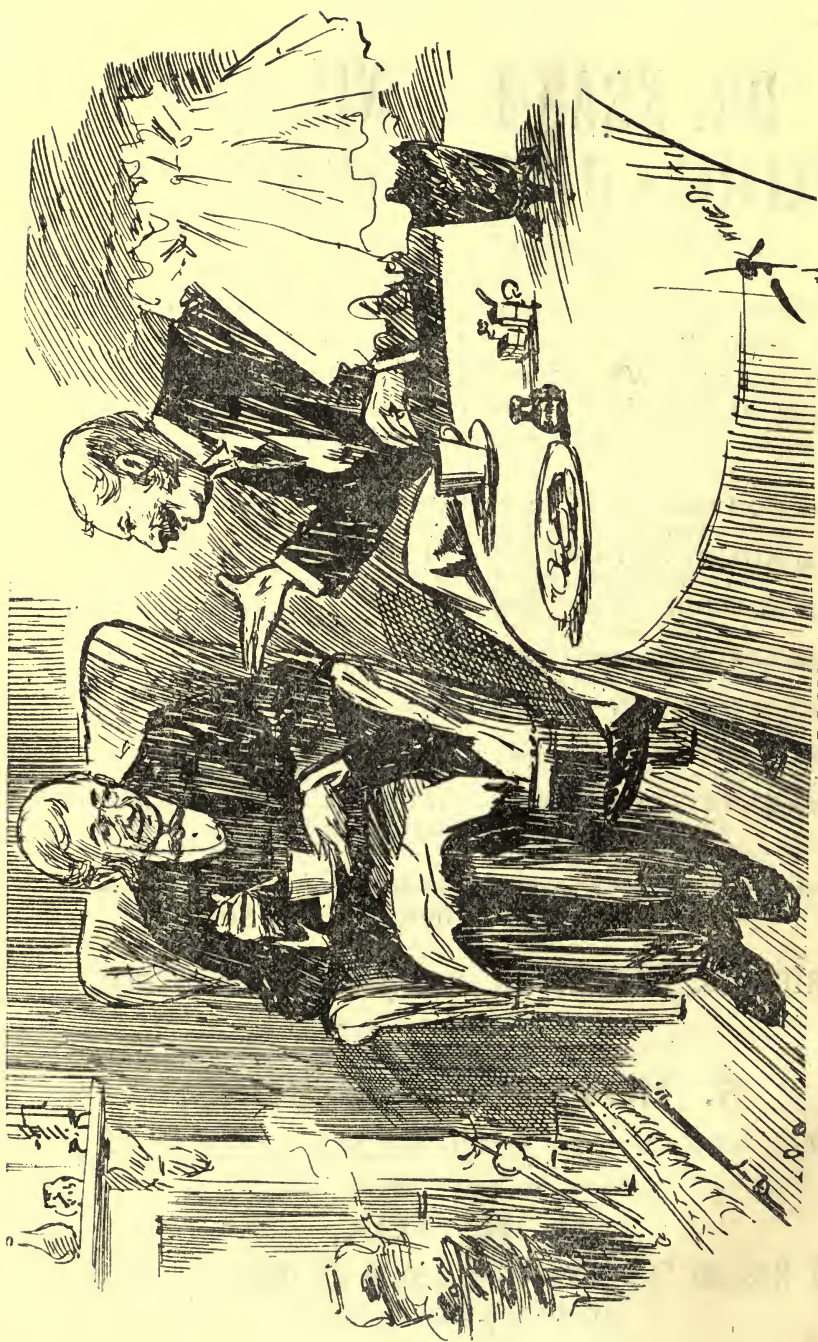
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LOGICAL.

FIRST OLD BOY.—That's all very well, but our ancestors didn't have BOVRIL. What did *they* do?
SECOND OLD BOY.—That's just it. Where *are* our ancestors? Dead, my dear sir, dead.



STAGE-IANA:

OR FUNNY STORIES OF THE PLAYS AND THE PLAYERS.

THE BITER BIT.—In a serious drama a prisoner was supposed to read aloud a very long letter brought to him by the gaoler. To save memorising, it was written out, and one night the gaoler, a practical joker, handed the prisoner a blank sheet of paper. For a moment the prisoner was nonplussed, but recovering himself and handing back the paper, with a bow, said, "Gaoler! I am obliged to make an avowal to you. Brought up by parents of low estate, I do not know how to read! I beg that you will have the goodness to acquaint me with the contents of this letter." The snarer was snared, but his wit saved him, too. After nervously fumbling the letter the gaoler said, "Willingly, but I must go and look for my spectacles."

* * *

OVER and over again during the performance of *Richard III.*, the ridiculous mistake has been made of substituting for "Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass," the words "Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough."

* * *

In Mr. Edward Stirling's "Old Drury Lane" mention is made of an actor named Wilson, who, while performing at Swansea, got strangely confused. Discovered in one scene tied to a barrel and floating on the sea, he should have said, with appropriate melancholy: "For fifteen hours I have been floating on this dreadful sea, tossed to and fro." But, forgetting himself, the victim of the barrel whimpered: "For fifteen years I have been tied, to this tub, tossed up and down by the relentless waves." Whereupon a voice from the gallery exclaimed, "Stop, stop, Mr. Wilson! tap the tub, and let's have a drink."

* * *

A PRIMA DONNA in one of Mr. Carte's travelling companies used to have brought to the wings, ready for a brief "wait" a powderpuff, a looking glass, and half a tumbler of port wine. Having a new attendant one night at Bristol, she instructed her in this matter, using the words "Bring them to me on the stage," meaning of course, merely that she hadn't time to go to her room for them. The woman, however, misunderstood her, and could not be prevented actually walking on the stage with the articles mentioned during the scene, which was of course ruined, actors and audience being alike amazed at the interruption.

BYRON AND THE SWORD.—H. J. Byron was touring with a piece in which the services of supers were requisite, one of whom had to hand him a sword on the stage. The man did this so clumsily that Byron called a rehearsal especially for the business, and instructed the man to shoulder the sword, handle upwards, and with a graceful bow, bring it into his, Byron's hand. Determined not to make any mistake, the man stood at the wings for fully ten minutes before he was wanted, with the sword gracefully shouldered. Going on at his cue, he, with a dignified bow, brought the handle down into Byron's hand as rehearsed. The actor dropped it with a yell. It was nearly red hot! The unhappy super had been standing near a gas jet, in which he had unconsciously been keeping the handle of the weapon!

Two rustics in a Sydney theatre annoyed their neighbours by a long discussion of the merits of a prize pig, owned by one of them. A gentleman sitting behind them asked the price of the pig. "About £5, I suppose," replied the staring countryman. The man, taking out his pocket-book, handed over a ten-pound note and said: "Here is a tenner. Now, that pig's mine; just let her alone if you please." The audience snickered, and though the countrymen made a woeful attempt to turn the joke by gravely pocketing the note and handing over the £5 change, the snub was crushing in its effect, and in the dead silence that followed the philanthropic millionaire leaned back and modestly enjoyed his popularity. But what the delegation from the River said when, after the performance, they tried to buy beer with the tenner and found it a bad counterfeit, is unfit for publication.

A REALISTIC Lyceum playgoer, who, for a consideration, offered to replace the dummy of the infant Princess Elizabeth, in the closing scene of "*Henry VIII.*," with his own live baby, has elicited the following humorous answer to his peculiar proposal:—Sir,—Mr. Irving fears that there might be some difficulty in making the change which you suggest with regard to the infant Princess Elizabeth in the play. If reality is to be achieved it should of necessity be real reality, and not seeming reality—for this we already have on the stage. A series of difficulties then arises, any of which you and your family might find insuperable. For instance, if your real baby were provided, it might be difficult, or even impossible, for the actor who impersonates King Henry VIII., to feel the feelings of a real father towards it. This would necessitate your playing the part of the King, and, further, would require that your wife should play the part of Queen Anne Bullen. This might not suit either of you, especially as in reality Henry VIII. afterwards caused his wife's head to be cut off. To this your wife might naturally object; but if she were willing to accept this form of reality, and you were willing to accept the responsibility on your own part, Mr. Irving would for his own sake have to object. By law, if you had your wife decapitated, you would be tried for murder as an accessory before the fact, and would probably be hanged. This you might not object to; but as Mr. Irving would also be tried as an accessory before the fact, he, too, would stand in danger of his life. To this he distinctly objects, as he considers that the end aimed at is not worth the risk involved. Again, as this play will probably run a considerable time, your baby would grow, and it might, therefore, be necessary to provide another baby. To this you and your wife might object—at short notice. There are other reasons, many of them militating against your proposal; but you will probably deem those given as sufficient.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours, BRAM STOKER, Acting Manager."

A HITCH.—“There was an annoying hitch in the great ocean scene in my play last night,” said a young playwright, with a sad smile. “When the hero jumped off the raft to save the heroine he got off in the wrong place, and one of the waves kicked him in the stomach. It seemed to knock all the sense out of him, for he got up and walked ashore.” “What did the heroine do?” “She sat on a wave and laughed.”—*Topical Times*.

IMPOSSIBLE.—A theatrical manager who had a limited purse, and consequently a limited company, occasionally compelled some of the actors to double up—that is, play two or more parts in the same piece. “Lancaster,” he said one morning, addressing a very serviceable utility man, “you will have to enact three parts in *The Silent Foe* to-night—Henderson, Uncle Bill, and the Crusher.” “Can’t do it,” replied Lancaster; “and I hope to be sandpapered if I try.” “You can’t do it? You won’t do it. Why?” “Because it is impossible,” returned the indignant actor. “No human being could play those three parts at the same time. In the first scene of the third act two of them have a fight, and the third fellow rushes in and saves them.”

FRENCH DRAMA.—“Without you life would be a blank, I could not live—I would kill myself. You are my all. Your presence has enthralled me. Say but the word and I will throw myself at your feet. Say that blissful word which will make you mine.” “But my husband?” “Oh! he doesn’t count.”

“If I were Sarah Bernhardt’s husband,” remarked the Dramatic Author, wiping his moustache upon his inky middle finger, “I would get her a West End theatre, and——” “What nonsense,” cut in a scoffer, “If I were her husband I’d get her upholstered.”

“When I next go on tour with my company,” said an actor-manager, whose beauty was not within measurable distance of his conceit, “I shall put up *Hyde and Jekyll*, and play the chief part myself.” “I should think you would do Hyde remarkably well,” replied one of his friends; “but whom do you propose to cast for Jekyll?” And the silence that ensued might have been cut with a billhook.

BALLET MASTER: “So now, mam’zelle, on ze eve of your debut you zink you will like the stage?” Would-be danseuse: “Oh, yes, monseur; I am sure I shall be perfectly wrapped up in it.” Ballet Master (Horriified): “No, no, mam’zelle—zat’d nevair doo. Ze ballet must no wrap up. Quite ze contraire.”

A VERY tedious old actor, whose *Hamlet* occupies four hours was recently playing in a southern city. With plenty of emphasis, but without any dramatic magnetism, he was leading out the famous soliloquy: “To—be—or—not—to—be?” when an irreverent gallery boy called out to him: “Oh, toss up for it, mister, and don’t preach!”

JACK ashore was enjoying the play from the pit of a seaport theatre, when part of the gallery gave way, and brought down a number of the “gods” with it. Some time afterwards, Jack found himself witnessing the same piece at another theatre, and when they came to that stage of the performance at which the accident had happened, he turned to the gallery and sang out, “Lock out, my hearties, you’re all a-coming down!”

Miss V. (fond of music and the drama)—“You are fond of Rossini, Mr. F.?” Mr. F.—“Passionately.” Miss V.—“Know his ‘Barber’?” Mr. F.—“No, I do not. I never patronize any but my own.”

* * *

A FALLING OFF.

The house was darkened for the scene,
Low sobbed the music's moan;
With arms outstretched she wandered in
And held the stage alone.

Her voice stole through the breathless hush
In silvery tones, subdued;
Heart broken pathos thrilled and filled
That listening multitude.

The exaltation of her look,
Her pure and noble grace,
Combined with drapery, seemed to make
A temple of the place.

Across the green-baize garden-sward,
Where trembling moonlight veered,
She trailed her long white satin train
And slowly disappeared.

Still for a moment more her spell
The audience beguiled,
When thunder shook the roof and walls
And handkerchiefs went wild.

But as she passed into the wings
Her voice rang shrill and clear—
“Oh, where the mischief is that girl?
Matilda, bring my beer!”

* * *

WHEN Wagnerism came in—shall we say five-and-twenty years ago?—adherents of the old school, with its lovely melodic phrases and forms, did not take kindly to the romantic noise and discord. Rietz had been conducting a rehearsal of the introduction to *Der Fliegende Hollander*, and as he laid down his *baton*, said:—“Really this ends quite pleasantly; I think some of you have been playing false notes.”

* * *

AN OPINION.—Frank Thornton was recently asked if stage business paid. “Well, yes, sir,” responded the little comedian, slapping his thigh and smiling in a very satisfied manner, “if you are successful on the stage no other business on earth can pay as well. If not successful, it is a dog's life, and the sooner you throw yourself in the whirlpool of some other business the better. I know of no profession which is so miserable in case of failure or so glorious in case of success.”

* * *

“I HAVE ventured,” said the Viscount de Courcy, “to buy this diamond ring, hoping that you would allow me to slip it on your finger as a token of our engagement.” “I am very sorry,” said the fair chorister, “but you are too late. I am already engaged; but if you will have it altered to fit my little finger I will shower upon you the wealth of a sister's affection.”

THE extemporaneous artist so frequently met with at the second-class music-hall has often amused us, but never so thoroughly as on one night last week. We thought he was equal to all emergencies, and never to be non-plussed, but we were wrong. As he stood before the footlights and slung doggerel at his audience, picking them in turn from the very back of the sixpenny seats and the extreme top of the fourpenny gallery, he tunelessly remarked—

“Now there’s a gent a sitting up there,

From me he’s not so far,

He’s a holdin’ between his fingers

A very choice cigar!”

“Choice!” shouted the gent, in a voice that drowned all other sounds, as he held the weed up. “Swelp my never, they ought to be choice, on’y seven of e’m for a bob!”

SOME strolling Thespians, says the *Topical Times*, were playing *Macbeth* in a country town. Their properties were not kept in very systematic order, for when the hero of Shakespeare’s drama exclaimed, “Is this a dagger which I see before me?” a shrill voice responded from the “flies,” “No, sir; it’s the putty knife; the dagger’s lost.”

ON the first night of one of the late H. J. Byron’s dramas, the author and a friend were seated in the boxes. There was a long “wait” after the second act. The audience were getting impatient, and the author’s friend anxious and uneasy; but the author himself remained provokingly cool. At last a harsh sawing noise was heard behind the curtain. The nervous friend could stand it no longer. “Good gracious, Byron,” he cried, “what ever is *that*?” “Don’t know, I’m sure,” quietly drawled Byron, “*perhaps they’re cutting out the third act!*”

THE author of *As in a Looking Glass* had occasion to call upon the divine Sarah Bernhardt when he was once in Paris. We may mention *en passant*, that the divinity had long itched to play the ill-fated Lena Despard. Well, the successful novelist was ushered into Sarah’s *salon* to await her arrival. In examining the objects of interest in the room, he was not a little perturbed to discover at one end, partially screened by shrubs, a den containing two healthy young lions. “Can I stroke them?” he inquired of the valet. “But certainly, monsieur—they are tranquil. Ah! how they are tranquil.” But upon proceeding to try the experiment upon the larger one, he brought his jaws together with an ominous snap, within an inch of Mr. Phillip’s right hand. “Bah! It is nothing, Monsieur,” said the attendant. “See, then, I will satisfy their hunger.” And he disappeared for a moment, and then re-entered with a huge plate of sponge cakes and a pail of milk. “Allons, donc!” he shouted to the brutes, whom he forthwith proceeded to—*set at liberty*. The two lions bounded out of the cage, but not before the novelist had bounded out of Sarah’s front door, and he from that date concluded to interview the *artiste* of *artistes* in the peaceful retirement of her dressing-room at the theatre.

“FATHER,” exclaimed a young man, I have long cherished a desire to go on the stage with your permission——” “My son,” replied the fond father, “all the world’s a stage. Just take that fork hanging up inside the barn, and dig up about a couple of sacks of those Early Roses at the top of the orchard.”

AGENTS PLEASE NOTE.—There is an actor wandering up and down the Strand, looking out for employment, who professes to be able to play tragedy, comedy, burlesque, pantomime, and billiards. He plays billiards best.

PETTITT, the dramatic author, recently met an old schoolfellow. "By the way," said his old friend, "are you any relation to Henry Pettitt, the dramatist?" "I am he," replied Pettitt. "Ah, but I mean the *great* Henry Pettitt, who writes plays for Drury Lane." "Yes," said Henry, modestly, "that's me." "Well" said his friend with disgust, "you always were a liar, Pettitt."

* * *

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

When first we met in other days,
 Ere I was promised him as bride,
 Oft we together saw the plays,
 Nor ever went he from my side.
 My every moment he'd command,
 My whole attention gladly tax
 Time gaily sped. He won my hand
 Between the acts.

The years are past, yet do we go
 Betimes to operas and plays,
 But now the tedious evenings flow
 Less gladly than in former days
 I sometimes nap behind my fan,
 And quite enjoy the brief relax,
 While he goes out to see a man
 Between the acts.

* * *

Truth is responsible for the following story. One night when a new actress was to take the leading part in one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's comic operas, the composer strolled into the back of the dress circle at about the time of her first entrance, and, as he was anxiously watching her, unconsciously hummed her part aloud. One or two indignant glances were cast around, without, however, having any effect on the absent-minded composer. At last a gentleman sitting near, angrily cried, "I have paid my money, sir, to hear Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, not yours!"

* * *

"Of all the plagues by authors curst,"
 Said Morton "Sure the very worst
 Is, to the assembled mimic crowd
 One's last new farce to read aloud."
 "That may be bad," sly Buckstone said,
 "But worse to sit and hear it read!"

* * *

MR. D'OYLY CARTE was placed in a somewhat difficult position by the curiosity of the Queen at the performance of "The Gondoliers" at Windsor Castle, on Friday, April 6th. Her Majesty, who followed her copy of Mr. Gilbert's libretto closely, observed that certain additions were made to the text by the leading performers. Mr. Carte was summoned to the elbow of royalty, and the Queen graciously inquired of him the meanings of the interpolations which she had noticed. "These, your majesty," said Mr. Carte, "are what we call 'gags.'" "Gags," replied the queen, "I thought 'gags,' were things that were put by authority into people's mouths." "These 'gags,' your majesty," answered the manager, bowing profoundly, "are things that people put into their own mouths without authority." The queen smiled benignly and seemed perfectly satisfied with the ready reply.

"YES," said the Vicar, "it was indeed most sad. We had really quite a grand array of talent at our Penny Reading last night, and just as I had finished my recital of 'Little Tommy's Applearc' the floor beneath me gave way!" "Gad!" said the squire. "It must have been a deuced heavy recital!"

A MUSICAL friend of ours recently undertook to coach up the young and lovely daughter of a wealthy butcher in the art of crotchets and quavers, and having in due course brought her to perfection in one or two easy show-pieces, such as "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," sent her home to her pa. But the master of the Marrowbone and Cleaver was far from satisfied. "D——it man!" cried he, "I wanted yer to teach her somethin' appropriate! something as she could play when we gives a party. Ain't there a composer named Choppin? Well, that's the bloke ter write a bit o' music for a butcher!"

FEW specimens of rustic innocence are more amusing than that of the honest grazier who having seen *Richard III.* performed in the country, waited upon the manager next morning to say that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening was still of the same mind, he had got an abundance of tidy nags in his meadows, and should be happy to have a deal with him.

MACKLIN boasted that he could repeat any formula of words after once hearing it. Foote at once wrote that rigmarole which has since grown so famous, and which forms the subject of one of the late R. Caldecott's most amusing picture books:—"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie; at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What; no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber: and there were present the Picinnies, the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots." Macklin failed, and so has everybody else that ever tried to repeat it.

ADMIT ONE.—"Who was the first man recorded in history who didn't pay?" said Liston who was just handing an order to a friend. "Why, really, I never gave it a thought," replied his friend. "Why, Joseph, of course," said Liston; "didn't his brothers put him into the pit for nothing?"

H. J. BYRON, the dramatic author, is credited with the longest and most elaborate pun on record. "Honi Soit qui mal y pense" he set down as "On his walk he madly puns."

It's a wonder, says the *Topical Times*, how the really pious man who won't even say "damn," gives vent to his wrath, when sitting in a theatre behind a woman with a high hat, who is sitting behind another woman with a high hat, which causes her head to continually bob to the right and left so that she might see the actors on the stage.

AN anecdote of Christine Nilsson, the Swedish singer, told in America, illustrates her freedom from snobbery. Christine was once at the house of a retired Chicago millionaire near New York. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her. On entering the dining room she dropped her

host's arm, and hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, seized him effusively by the hand and engaged him in conversation, while the guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she explained to the group when they were seated, "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day labourer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate, whom I find under such changed circumstances."

* * *

MANAGER (to leader of orchestra): "I understand that that fugue of yours was played by request." Leader: "Yes, sir," Manager: "At whose request, may I ask?" Leader: "At mine, sir."

* * *

"It was mean of you to go home before the last act of my play." "I didn't go." "Where were you?" "Under the seat. I was way down in front and I was afraid people would begin to throw things."

* * *

THE Stage Damager was taking on some "supers" the other morning, and among the bright and intelligent gentlemen who aspired to histrionic honours he selected one, and asked: "Ever played in *Hamlet*?" "Oh, yes, sir, frequently." "*Macbeth*?" "We had a run of 1,400 nights." "*Julius Caesar*?" "Lemme see—that's where we comes on in bedsheets, sir, isn't it?" Over went the show.

* * *

A CALLOW youth smitten with the ample charms of a certain leading lady finally commenced making inquiries about her of his friends. Satisfied that she was accomplished, and presumably not destitute of means, he asked a smart young matron of his acquaintance:—"Can you tell me, is that lady unmarried?" "Oh yes!" was the reply, in the dulcet tones in which women speak of rival beauty, "she has been unmarried twice!"

* * *

THE late E. A. Sothern (Lord Dundreary) had invited a number of friends to dinner. They were all assembled but one, who was rather late. After waiting a few minutes, the host suddenly exclaimed, "Here he comes—let's all get under the table—make haste!" Anticipating a joke, they all scrambled under—except Sothern himself. Enter guest: "Halloa, where are all the other fellows?" "Oh they all got under the table when they heard you coming—I'm sure I don't know why!" The ignominious crawling forth, one by one, that ensued, beggars description, and drives word-painting to bankruptcy.

* * *

HE WAS PLEASED.—It was at *Indiana*, and the curtain had just gone up, when a young man under the influence of a good dinner tumbled into a front stall next to a fat man who looked as if he had come in with a pass. "By Jove," said the young man addressing his fat neighbour, "that girl has a beautiful figure. Now I am a judge and I'll bet any money that that girl's figure is her own." "Thank you," said the fat man, with a benign smile. "He must be her father," thought the young man, and he was silent. But presently his fancy was caught by another divinity. "There's another beauty," he said "Nobody can convince me that lovely being has received the aid of art. She is genuine, it's 1,000 to 15." "Much obliged," said the fat man smiling again. "He must be related to that one, too," was the youth's surmise. After an interval, he again selected a charming chorister, and enthused over her lovely figure. "Nature itself," said he. The fat man again smilingly expressed his thanks. "Who are you, the manager?" inquired the young man. "Oh, no," responded the fat man, blandly, "I am the pad manufacturer."

SOME very notable examples of Press criticism have recently been brought to light, but nothing that we have heard equals a Mr. Louis James' experience in St. Louis, America. In producing his *Othello* there he revived the original willow song of Desdemona's in the last act. In speaking of the performance, one of the St. Louis papers said that "what was in every sense a noble dramatic treat was seriously marred by the introduction of the 'Tit Willow' song from the *Mikado*, which should have found no place in so serious and classic a drama as *Othello*."

"SHE was not exactly an actress," said Little Bob, referring to a lady whom he had just seen mulcted at Bow Street for alleged drunkenness, "but she accessred at the music halls—you know?" "Oh, a song and dance artist?" said Jack. "No—not that—she didn't dance. She was called a serious chronic!"

"Hi!" said a rude boy in the gallery, as the *premiere danseuse* bounded upon the stage, "there's a white humbreller with two pink 'andles!"

MISS DASH, the Juliet of her day,
(She played at her own *matinee*),
Now is allowed
To come on with the crowd,
And she's getting on well in her way.

THEY were giving *She Stoops to Conquer* the other day in a small provincial town. A penniless individual, anxious to see the play, stalked past the ticket office in a careless, independent sort of way. When stopped, and asked by what right he went in without paying, he replied, "By what right! I am Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the piece they are going to perform?" "Ah! beg pardon, sir," said the check-taker, making a bow. And Goldsmith walked in to see his play. Probably the red-wrapped tear-starter has forgotten that Goldsmith has been dead some time.

NO YELLOW.—Showman: "The blue light is the sky, the green light is the battle-field, and the red light is Blucher's army advancing to the relief of Wellington." Small Boy: "Please, sir, what's the yellow light?" Showman: "There ain't no yaller light." Small Boy: "Please, sir, there is—a big one." Showman: "Stand aside, my little man, and let's have a look—Jerusalem! the bloomin' show's afire!"

GRASSOT, of the Palais Theatre Royal, came late to rehearsal one day, and was roundly scolded by the director, M. Dormeuil. At that theatre there was a rule that bad language should be punished with a fine. Suddenly he interrupted the lecture with "Pardon me, Monsieur le Directeur; but how much would it cost me to call you an idiot?" Dormeuil, boiling with fury, thundered, "You would be fined twenty francs!" "Twenty francs?" murmured the other softly, and with a sigh: "Ah me! It is too much; too much! I cannot, in the present state of my finances, afford the pleasure. But if it had been only five francs——!"

As Miss Anderson was passing through one of the great dry-goods stores in New York the salesmen recognised her and whispered to each other, "There goes Mary Anderson!" A little cash boy, hearing the remark too late to see her face, exclaimed: "Oh! why didn't you let me know in time!"

I haven't got money enough to go to see her play, but I might have looked at her." The lady had not passed out of hearing. Turning back she stooped and kissed the boy. "There, my lad," she said, "you can not only say that you have seen Mary Anderson, but that she has kissed you." Splendid legend.

"SIR," said the critic, "your play is meaningless, your characters are questionable shadows, your plot is prurient—it's an unhealthy jumble. You can't call it a play." "I don't," loftily returned the author; "it is a psychological study."

I SUPPOSE everybody knows, says the Man of the World, how the term "boy" came to be applied to champagne. The *Sporting Times* told the story years ago. At a Sandringham shooting party, on a warm day, a boy was told off to follow with refreshments. The cry "Boy," "Boy," was repeatedly heard, and in the evening, at dinner, the Prince of Wales's remark, "Let us have some more of the Boy," gave the wine an appellation that was soon widely adopted. The reason why a hoary anecdote is called a chestnut is not so well known. In an old play called *The Broken Sword* there is a Captain who is always telling old stories, the details of which he often varies. He starts a tale about a cork tree, when he is interrupted by another character, who suggests "It was a chestnut, Captain, a chestnut." "Bah!" says the Captain; "I say a cork tree." "A chestnut," repeats the other. "I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times." At a dinner one evening a gentleman was telling a story of considerable antiquity when an actor present, who had played in *The Broken Sword*, said, half audibly, "A chestnut. I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times."

'Twas the proud mummer, showing his presentation blackthorn at the Club. "Fine stick," he said to a stranger who was present. "Are you a judge of sticks?" "I ought to be," replied the stranger. "I am a dramatic critic."

How dearly these actors love one another! (Chestnut). We recently asked one comedian—name charged for 'as an advertisement—what he thought of another's capabilities in some part he was playing, and this was the reply, *con molto espressione*—"Hum! Well—he's very good to his mother!" Pardon our bad Italian, but it's good enough under the circe.

JONES—"I tell you, sir, that what we call burlesque nowadays is not burlesque at all; it is mere extravaganza. True burlesque should satirise something—should 'take off' something, as it were." BROWN—"My dear fellow, burlesque nowadays takes off almost everything."

A DISTINCTION.—PARKAY—"Do you remember Mrs. de la Ware, who was divorced last spring? She is going on the stage this winter." JAY—"Becoming an actress, eh?" PARKAY—"Oh, no! She is simply going on the stage."

A COUPLE of very extensively clothed Jew boys were leaning against the walls of the seal-pond at the Aquarium the other night, listening to the cornet solo with as much attention as though it had been the very shoppar in their own particular school. "What a splendid player; ain't he, Sol?"

"Peautiful, peautiful ! Hark at that B flat—how it runs on." "Yeth, yeth ; like a three months' bill ! Shamor beni !"

CLERK (entering theatrical manager's sanctum) : " There's a young man waiting who wants to read a play to you, sir ; and another man says he's come to horsewhip you for breach of contract." Manager (taking off his coat) : " Oh ! show in the man who's come to horsewhip me."

HE was the manager of the Theatre Royal, Mudboro', and he had put on no end of a show. Strange to say, the local journals didn't give it more than a quarter column. " Curse 'em !" he cried ; " here's the paper chock full of Salisbury's speeches and such twaddle. And yet all they've got about my show's a bally five-and-twenty lines. Oo the deuce cares about Salisbury ?"

AT a French Theatre, not long ago, an unfortunate fellow fell from the gallery into the stalls beneath. His only remark was a complaint that he had lost the best seat, in the middle of the front row. However the management was liberal to him, and charged him nothing for the change to a more expensive part of the house.

" WANT a free pass, eh ?" said Sir Augustus Harris. " I can't see why I should give you a pass." " I am a tragedian, sir." " Oh, come, now !" " I played in *King Henry*, sir, in this theatre in Chatterton's time." " Humph ! You might possibly walk through a part ; but a man of your temperament could never put any soul into it, and——" " I didn't walk through it, sir, and I did put all the soul into the part that it required. Not a paper said otherwise." " Well ! well ! I thought I was a pretty good judge of actors ; but, by the way, what part did you play ?" " I played the corpse, sir."

THEY were two dove-like choristers, and as they sipped their tonics they compared notes. " No, I can't say I like Manchester," said Maudie, " it's too—tòo—er—well, quiet." " Quiet ?" echoed Babsy. " Yes : why do you know we were there twelve nights and I wasn't insulted once."

IF you are going to have bouquets handed to me every night," said Miss—to her manager, " why don't you get decent ones. Look at this, to-night. It's all faded. Why can't I have as good a bouquet as I had last night ?" " As good a bouquet as you had last night," shrieked the manager. " Why, it's the same one."

Apròpos to Mr. Irving's splendid revival of *The Dead Heart*, it is odd that none of the gossips recall an incident of the first night of the original production by Webster 30 years ago, which seriously jeopardised the success of the play. At that time the cant phrase of the town—just as " Ask a policeman " is now—was—" How's your poor foot ?"—an idiotic question which had just superseded " Who's your hatter ?" At the end of the first act the Countess de St. Valery, pleading for her son, calls upon Robert Landry to think of the past when they were happy lovers. " Spare me the remembrance !" exclaims Landry ; " my heart is dead—dead—dead—dead !" " How's your poor feet ?" shouted a voice from the gallery, and the curtain descended in a roar of laughter.

HE WASN'T ONE TO WASTE.—A gentleman who frequented a circus noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him. "My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?" "I can't keep awake," rejoined the boy; "it is a terrible bore to see them doing the same thing every night." "But why do you come?" "Oh, I can't help it—I must come—I *have a season ticket*."

"YES," said Miss Gertie Poppleton to her lover, who had called to spend the evening, "if there is anything I do love it's the theatre." "I am delighted to hear you say that," said he, "as I am very fond of the drama myself. What kind of performance do you like best?" "Oh, all kinds; I think *Romeo and Juliet* is very charming. I like that part where Juliet comes out on the roof, you know, with an olive-green dress on, and says something or other to Romeo, who is down on the ground in old gold er—er—you know those very close-fitting garments they wear on their limbs—well, I think that part is perfectly charming."

THE following story is said to owe its origin to the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, and as we say in Italian, *si non e vero e ben trovato*. "About a dozen years ago when Fanny Davenport was playing an engagement in the Smoky City, a young hotel clerk, after a rather lively priming with the boys, went to the Opera House. He was a good looking fellow, with a black moustache, and the figure he cut that night was given color by his new light overcoat and high silk hat. By the time he reached the theatre it was pretty full; so was he. But he bought a ticket for a parquet seat right down front, and with tolerably steady steps he made his way to it. It was in the middle of a scene. As he reached his seat and was divesting himself of his loud overcoat, Fanny Davenport came down the stage to the footlights and said to the villain who was courting her, but with her eyes to the audience: 'I can never love thee.' She said it with great emphasis, and the handsome hotel clerk rose from his seat, took up his hat and overcoat, and saying in a loud voice, 'Well, that settles it,' retraced his steps to the aisle, while the audience burst into a roar of laughter and applause."

*WONDROUS indeed are uses of advertisement. An "extra-lady" last week advertised her professional card in the columns of *The Stage*. It was seen by an old lover, who at once hunted her up, explained his absence of thirty years, and wound up by marrying her. It's wonderful how advertising pays!

EVER since the enormous prices that the collection of playbills sold by Messrs. Sotheran last summer fetched, we have determined to cherish what we once heedlessly threw away. We now possess sixty-five bills of the Royal, and eight of the Cambridge; but at the head of our collection we put the following. We consider it John Hollingshead in the old days, when in his finest form, at 6s 12lb.

THE NEW IMPERIAL THEATRICAL TROUPE OF CALCUTTA.

RUDRI NARAYAN.....Proprietor.

Pavilion erected at Saikh Salum's Gate in Benares.

The Company begs to announce that as they are going to play for a few

nights only, hoping the nobility and gentry of this city will give their cordial support during our short stay.

—
To-night To-night !!

THE HEART-RENDING OPERA OF
CHEL BATAO MOHENA RANEE.

Argument.

First scene opens with a few girls on the well, pulling water, when Chel Batao comes near it, and seeks their love. They inform him about the beauty of Mohina Rani, and advises him to go and court her. Chel Batao, hearing the praise of her surpassable beauty, he falls a victim to her love, and goes in search from her by taking leave of his mother; but being fatigued on account of the distance, he makes his mind to be frantic.

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

Act II. opens with Mohina, the flower of beauty, with her maids, pulling water. Chel Batao, being thirsty, comes near the well, and after some conversation, they fall deep in love with each other. Mohina's mother-in-law, being surprised not to find her at home the usual time, tells her son to go and find her. Hansraj finds them deeply engaged in love, and informs her mother-in-law the ungratefulness towards her and her husband. This being the case, she goes to be an eye-witness, and finds them in the same condition. But Mohina was too cunning. She quickly dresses Chel Batao as a jogee, and hides him. Mohina's mother-in-law, to ensure herself about her chastity, takes her to the Dewal to take an oath, Chel Batao being present their in a jogee's garb, put a tip on her head, and she swears that no one has touched her except Bhojang Row (her husband) and the jogee who has tipped her head, so they all believe of her chastity.

Next scene opens with Bhojang Row, the husband of Mohina, who has been travellly since twelve years, at last arrives in his country. The first person he meets his brother, who tell iz him all about Mohina. He become wild, and goes to kill him whom lying among the group of trus, and kills him, when Mohina comes to her lover; but, alas! he lying amids blood. She falls on lover, and expires. When again Bhojang comes to the spot and sees the doleful tragedy, he makes his mind to end himself; but, by the mercy of God, an angel descend, and prevents him from doing so, and also brings them to their life. This, after a serious of misfortune, the certain falls amids rejoicing.

—
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Smoking strictly prohibited.

Women of low rank will not be allowed in reserved seats only.

J. T. JANI, Stage-Manager of Calcutta.

B. M. PANDAY, Director and Manager of Allahabad.

God Save the Empress of India.

—
Benares—Light Press.

IN A GLASS HOUSE.—One night during the run of *The Serious Family* at the Haymarket, the late William B. u h met Mr. Barnett, the reputed author, who had adapted it from the French, in the lobby of the theatre. After the usual salutations, Brough remarked, in his kindly way, "How well the 'Family' is going to-night." "Yes," added Barnett; "and what an infamous thing—this play is having an extraordinary run in New York and the managers don't pay me a penny in fees!"

* * *

At the Royal Italian Opera, *Don Giovanni* was produced with a strong cast. Surely an artistic error. What does *Giovanni* want a strong cast for? In Mephistopheles, now, a good old squint might be effective, but it is not so with *Giovanni*. Look to it, ye Italians!

* * *

IRVING PHELPS JINKS: "I was insulted this morning. That Jew of a manager, Blinks, offered me a paltry ten pounds a week to play heavy parts." Friend: "You accepted, of course?" Irving Phelps Jinks: "No, sir, I told him twenty or nothing. By the way, can you let me have a shilling for my lodgings to-night?"

* * *

HE was playing Bottom in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and very well he played it. But he received rather an unkind cut from a leading lady at the wings, who, when she beheld him, decorated, at Puck's instigation, with the ass's head, could not refrain from ejaculating—"Oh, *what* an improvement!"

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN English comedian was present at a dinner party at which was also a bill posting magnate. Seated beside the comedian was a much bediamonded lady. The bill poster rudely made some remark about the lady's display, when to him the comedian said:—"Never mind, she is not the only person dependent on paste for a show."

* * *

A PHOTOGRAPH.

Nearly twenty years ago,
 Yes, for here's the date,
 Boldly printed on the back—
 "Eighteen sixty-eight."
 Osric was it? Sure enough
 Oh, how long and lean!
 Now, if I am cast at all,
 I must play the Queen!

I remember very well
 When I sat for you,
 What a happy girl I was—
 Proud and happy, too.
 For I'd made my little "hit,"
 Though with scarce a line—
 Yet the papers noticed me,
 And the world was mine!

How the speeches through my brain
 Wildly seemed to ring—
 Oh ! how faint and ill I felt,
 Waiting at the wing.
 And the "star" encouraged me
 Where they all could see—
 Nothing very much for *him*,
Very much to me.

Mother sewed my pretty dress,
 Silver blue and white ;
 Charley used to take me home
 Every happy night.
 Charley ? What a fool I am !
 Shall my tear-drops flow
 For a love that lived and died
 Twenty years ago ?

He was jealous, I was young,
 Pretty, spoiled and vain ;
 Though I held him very dear,
 Yet I caused him pain.
 "Harmless flirting," that was all ;
 But it made him stern,
 So one day he went away,
 Never to return.

Sometimes, when upon the stage,
 Through the footlights' glare,
 I imagine him in front,
 Handsome, tall and fair—
 He who fled and never knew
 How my heart was rent,
 While the girl before me now
 Perished when he went.

* * *

Who shall say that cockneys have not a genuine appreciation of the romantic ? The other day a party of them were gazing with rapture on that really sublime spectacle, a sunset at sea. "Lovely, ain't it ?" said one. "Prime !" was the next comment. "It looks," said the paterfamilias of the party, with the air of one who has travelled much, and seen many things, "it looks, for all the world, like a bit out of a Drury Lane pantomime." And as the force of eulogy could no farther go, the house resolved itself into a committee to discuss winkles.

* * *

ONE OF JERROLD'S.—A would-be musical enthusiast, speaking of a certain air in a new opera, exclaimed, "Oh, it is perfectly enchanting—it carries me away !" "Can anybody whistle it ?" asked Jerrold, looking round imploringly on a little circle he was trying to talk to.

* * *

SOME papers are funny without intending to be so—and the reverse. A daily journal announced on its contents bill :—

" WHY MEN DON'T MARRY
 THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER."

MUSICAL.—Here's a yarn, not new, but good, and attributed to the composer Cherubini. One day a young fellow called on him to have his voice tried. Cherubini heard him give a song or two, and then the youth asked: "What branch of the profession do you advise me to go in for?" "Auctioneer," promptly replied the maestro; and then the interview ended.

VERY POLITE.—A good *mot* is credited to Mr. Haddon Chambers. On the first night of his new piece, *The Idler*, he was introduced to the Duchess of Leinster, one of the reigning beauties of London society, who congratulated him very warmly on the success of his play, saying that she should send all her friends to witness it. "In that case, your grace," said Mr. Chambers, with a courtly bow, "the piece will go on running for ever."

PROMINENT, NEVERTHELESS.—Rose—"Didn't you say Miss Van Lee-Board's voice was a noticeable feature of last night's opera? I never knew she was singing in opera." Lillian—"She's not. She was one of a box party."

A LONG WAIT.—Dashaway—"An amateur performance I attended the other evening was delayed an hour because one of the leading actors was ill. They got a fellow from the audience to take his place." Cleverton—"I don't see why getting a fellow from the audience delayed them an hour." Dashaway—"They had to wait for one to come in."

THE PRINCE OF HUMBUGS.—Barnum started life as a showman by exhibiting "George Washington's old nurse," a coloured woman, aged 161, so *he* said; and steadily worked up from that comparatively humble starting-point to a plane of mendacity which will alike be the envy and the despair of all future generations of liars. Barnum was very pious and travelled on the game. This world is the oyster of the arch-liar who can become a churchwarden.

OVERHEARD at the Bun Shop:—"Nice old pal Charlie Wyndham is; what do *you* think? Askin' these bloomin' Germans over here? As if it wasn't hard enough to get a shop as it is! Bah! I hate everything German! Small lager, please miss!"

ORCHESTRAL ECHO.—"Bob, what's a hornithologist?" "Why, a man what plays the 'orn, o' course." "Lor, Bob, blest if you don't seem to know everythink."

STAGE MANAGER: "Mr. Heavy, you will take the part of Alonzo." Mr. Heavy: "I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that part?" Stage Manager: "Immensely. You die in the first act."

FROM "THE MAN OF THE WORLD."—It would be curious to trace to its origin Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated expression, "Peace with Honour," but, to go no farther back than a hundred and fifty years, I find the following passage in Colley Cibber's comedy, *Love Makes a Man*; or, *The Fop's Fortune*, which was played at Drury Lane Theatre:—Clodio: "What, does he draw his book upon me? Then I will draw my wit upon him. Gad, I'll puzzle him. Hark you, brother, pray, what's Latin for a sword-knot?" Carlos: "The Romans wore none, brother." Clodio: "No ornament on their swords, sir?" Carlos: "O yes, several; conquest, peace and honour—an old unfashionable wear."

IN the Era Almanack, Mrs. Langtry relates a very funny slip. Instead of saying "Let us seek some cosey nook," a young lover on the stage observed "Let us seek some nosey cook."

HE KNEW HIS ALPHABET.—Macready, the actor, was dreadfully particular as to the correctness of the "properties." Knowing this, a man, at a provincial theatre where the great actor was to appear in one of Shakespeare's Roman plays, happened to come across a banner, which bore the device "S. P. Q. R." "Confound it!" thought he, "that's all wrong, this will never do—it's 'P. Q. R. S.' all the world over;" and "put it right" accordingly. When night came, and the noble Roman met the procession, he gave one glance at the banner in front, and fled the spot.

EXTRACT from a showman's speech, last Bank Holiday. He was exhibiting a sort of Pepper's ghost arrangement, termed an æthroscope:—"This tableau reperasents, ladies and gentlemen, little Jimi the dyin' collier's child. Observe the cherubs bearin' the tiny corpse 'eavenwards, please—come down a little lower, sir, so's you'll be able to see the cherubs, one of the most touchin', pathetic scenes ever produced by mechanism of any kind."

IN the Far West there is very little fooling at evening parties. When a young tenor, invited to sing, complies, and gets a little applause, he does not, as in the country, insist on going right through his entire repertoire. The clicks of revolvers always warn him when to stop.

CHARLES MATHEWS, in proposing the toast of the Army and Navy, at his farewell banquet, said, "I have never been in the army, though I have been in many a mess; and the only chance I ever had of joining the navy was once when I had a narrow escape of getting into the Fleet."

THE world has now well nigh forgotten M. Vivier, the once famous French horn player, who was so unnerved by a certain lord blowing his nose at a critical moment of his performance that he threw up all his London engagements. "Ah," he would say after this, "the English have terrible noses; they remind you of the day of Judgment."

ACTING MANAGER'S SON.—"Pa, why is this called a free country?" Papa [bitterly] "Because everybody wants to get in without paying."

LEONARD BOYNE, who was playing a bold smuggler in the grand Drury Lane production, went to Brighton from Saturday to Monday, to study and recuperate. On Sunday he was walking on the cliffs in the direction of Rottingdean, coughing up his part. "Well met, my brave lads!" he cried. "What ho, within there, landlord, give us of your best. This night will be landed in yon cave a cargo of the best French Brandy that never paid duty to king or queen. And landlord, I prithee, bid thy drawers be speedy, for——." Here he was touched on the shoulder. "Now then, governor, what about this 'ere cargo?" It was a coastguardsman!

HENDERSON, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at

Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in the actor's face, when Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

At a dinner party which took place in London in 1866, the question was discussed as to the value of the literary merit of a play which had recently been produced. One side maintained that the literary element in a drama was rather an impediment than an assistance to popular success. "Gentlemen," said Boucicault, who was the host, "will you permit that this question be settled practically? I propose to write three new pieces—one a society drama, relying mainly on its literary treatment; the second a domestic drama, and the third a sensational drama. The pieces shall be produced at the same time and I guarantee that the success of each shall be in the inverse ratio of its merits." The proposition was received with roars of laughter. Nevertheless, the three pieces were written. *Hunted down* was the society drama; *The Long Strike* was the domestic play; and *Flying Scud* the sensational piece. They were produced simultaneously in October, 1866, and the results were precisely what Boucicault had anticipated.

A MELBOURNE paper, enumerating all the innocuous glories of the "People's Palace," mentioned that the management had "even provided a shadow pantomime." Which somehow reminds us of the *Daily Telegraph* reporter who once summarised the entertainment at a chapel festival as "an endless variety of instruction and amusement, including buns and lemonade."

A YOUNG lady, following a shakespearean play with the book, remarked to her companion: "How imperfect these actors are! None of them say 'Exit' when they go off."

In a performance of *Little Emily* at a sea port town, it happened that the part of Steerforth was being played by an actor whose mother kept a fish shop in the place in question, although the fact was, he deemed, a profound secret. Judge then of his feelings when, as he delivered the well known speech: "What would my haughty mother say if she—but there, the thing's impossible." He was interrupted by a voice from the gallery which said, "All right, guv'nor, no fear! She's a servin' out the fish till arter ten!"

A GENTLEMAN who follows the profession of school-teaching gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of *The Merchant of Venice* in which the "pound of flesh" scene occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head."—"Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless it means he carried his papers in his hat."

DUCROW looked to everything himself, and was "all over the place." One day he strolled into the orchestra, when the big drum happened to have nothing to do. "Now then, sir, why aren't you playing?" cried he. "I've twelve bars rest, sir!" explained the man, pointing to his score. "Rest, you beggar!" roared Ducrow, "What do you mean by rest?—I pay you to *play* not to *rest*!"

The Theatre has brought to light from some old cupboard of forgotten

good things this strange story :—" John Strange was a lawyer, and when he died his widow simply put on the marble slab, 'Here lies an honest lawyer,' without a record of the name. Of course it followed that everyone who looked upon it remarked, 'That's strange!' When this was told to a certain actor, he laughed very seriously, and attempted to repeat it. Said he : 'A barrister, dontcherknow—aw, I've forgotten his name—died, and the widow, aw—aw—aw—didn't put any name on the tombstone, dontcherknow. It just said, here lies an honest man, and of course everybody said—aw—how extraordinary, dontcherknow!' Of course the other actors had to laugh."

THE following description of a Lion Comique is perhaps a little severe, but it is not without merit. A trumpet sounds, as though the consuls were entering the circus, and a gentleman enters to us with the mouth of one of those Lowther Arcade heads in which baggy receptacle in youth we most of us have shied balls. He opens it to its most fearful extent, and his vicious little eyes disappear, and he howls his way through a song, of which, unfortunately, you can hear every word. He is in evening dress with a crush hat, and after each verse he dances heavily round the stage. He is a fellow-creature with a living to get : this is all that can be said of him. I don't know what he was originally intended for—I imagine a commercial traveller in ironmongery. Now, at any rate, he is a comic singer. If it were not so on the programme I would not have believed it. And they call him great, too ! but, then, so was the Beast in the Apocalypse.

DION BOUCICAULT, the author of *Hunted Down*, brought the play to Manchester, to give it a provincial trial before producing it in London. A company had been engaged, picked out to give each character with the greatest effect ; but one character, Rawdon Scudamore, a fashionable villain, remained uncast. Mr. Calvert, who was then the manager of the Theatre Royal, suggested an unknown, but clever, provincial actor. Boucicault sent for him, was satisfied with his appearance, and engaged Henry Irving, at a salary of six pounds a week, to play the part. The result of this performance was that when *Hunted Down* was produced at the St. James' Theatre, London, some months later, Boucicault stipulated that Irving should be engaged to create the part. Life is a chapter of accidents, and the most insignificant and casual frequently become the progenitors of great events.

In one of H. J. Byron's comedies, a lawyer, despatching a bibulous old clerk on an errand, remarks, rattling his keys in his pocket, "Let's see—you pass a public-house, I think?" Clerk (eagerly) : "Yes, yes, sir!" Lawyer (drily) : "Then pass it!"

Nor long ago an eminent special pleader was at the theatre, seeing the play of *Macbeth*. In the scene where Macbeth, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" they answer "A deed without a name." "Why, then," remarked the learned gentleman, to a friend at his elbow, "it's void."

A GOOD VOICE.—A Western musical critic thus speaks of a prima donna :—"She had, and we suppose still retains a magnificent voice for a fog whistle. Its compass was perfectly surprising. She would shake the chandelier with a wild whoop that made every man instinctively feel for his scalp, and follow it up with a roar that would shame a ba soon."

TOO LIGHT.—An amusing incident occurred at the Gaiety Theatre, Hastings. The curtain had to be raised four times at the conclusion of the fourth act of *Joseph's Sweetheart*, which has been played to enormous houses by Mr. Thomas Thorne's Vaudeville Company, and some delay ensuing before the act drop could be raised for the third time, Mr. Thorne inquired into it, and was told by the exhausted flyman that he was "only 9st. 4lb., and he couldn't do it quicker, and such an event had never occurred since he had been there, which was six years."

At the Vaudeville, about three years ago, occurred, perhaps, the first occasion in the history of the stage on which an English clergyman appeared before the curtain in clerical attire to respond to the call for the author. He was the Rev. H. Cresswell, and the piece was called "In Danger."

RECOGNITION.

Have you forgotten, dear old Brown,
The merry time we used to know,
When the first Christy's came to town?
It must be thirty years ago.
You surely don't forget that "bones"
Whose jokes used to amuse us so.

Well, would you think it! just last night
I took my grandson to the show,
Where that same chap, if I am right,
Makes all the people laugh, you know.
His face I had forgotten quite,
But at his jokes my mind unbent;
I knew them, like old friends at sight,
Unfailing, changeless, permanent.

UNBIASSED criticism of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* heard in the gallery :—"I say, Eliza, it rather wanders about in the story, doesn't it?"

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—After Kowalski's last concert was over, a countryman quietly took the manager aside, and gave vent as follows to his pent-up feelings :—"I tell you, mister, he was a slasher. Our Gennie couldn't hold a candle to him. When he first set down he looked wild, then with a howl dug his finger-nails into them ere rough notes, and shut 'em up like lightning into the thin ones. Then he paused for a reply, m'ster. He then commenced at the right hand side, went a rippling down hand over fist, till he got clean down, makin' a noise like thunder. He then yanked a handful out of the centre, and planted them at the end, then wiggled about with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, punched right and left, went ripety-hopety-scotchey up and down, and I tell you that 'ere pianner howled. He then gave another snort, and started again like mad, raised up off his chair, stuffed three fingerfuls there, cannoned six more in the corner, gobbled up a few more tunes, and settled their hash in about a minute. After that he tackled it with his left hand alone. Between you and me, mister, the man that owned that 'ere pianner went shifting about on his chair as though he had a tack under him. Good night, mister."

THERE was an amusing interruption at the Prince's, Bristol, lately, when Mr. Osmond Tearle gave his fine representation of Othello. Iago was poisoning the Moor's mind against Desdemona. Mr. Tearle's passionate declamation of Shakespeare's magnificent sentences so wrought upon a man in front that he called out telling him not to believe Iago's insinuations. This caused much laughter, but it was a powerful testimony to the actor's ability.

RESERVED.—Tommy Yorick is very hard on shoes and trousers. His mother understands this and governs herself accordingly when she goes shopping. One day, while out with another lady, she was buying cloth for a pair of pantaloons for Tommy, and ordered a good deal more than seemed necessary. "Why do you get so much?" asked her friend. "Oh," was the reply, "this is for reserved seats."

MANAGER: "Where's the foreman of the composing-room?" Editor: "Oh, he's gone off on a vacation." "For his health?" "Yes. In our 'Weekly Theatrical Gossip' the copy I gave him to set up read 'Miss De Rouge, the opera queen, has some very noticeable fads,' and he got it 'pads'—so he asked for a vacation."

A DRAMATIC SUCCESS.—Low comedian—"Ah, old friend, have you seen De Ranter in his new play?" Comic villain—"No, by all things malt I have not. Do the gods look kindly on him?" Low comedian—"Well, he doesn't have much to do in the first or second act; it's in the third where he wins his laurels and the public heart." Comic villain—"Ah, some happy stroke of genius?" Low comedian (with a touch of nature)—"Yes, he don't come on at all."

THERE is a "decent pride" about even the less exalted members attached to a New York theatre, as Mrs. Langtry found when she hit on the happy thought of dressing everyone in Highland costume for her production of *Macbeth*. The coloured gentleman at the door protested vigorously, so the story goes. The Negro doesn't seem to admire the Scottish garb, for he waxed indignant to an interviewer the other day, and let out as follows:—"I'll go on the roof'n' shovel snow; I'll walk de tight rope across de stage; I'll play any part dey axes me, from de star down te de super; I'll do anything say, 'cep'n prance roun' de front door wid my legs all naked an' bar. 'Tain't right to su'jec' a ginelman to undignerty like dat in dese civilism' times."

It would be interesting to know whether Sir Charles Young, or the audiences who applauded his most successful production, were aware that, not so long since, the original *Jim the Penman* was alive and merry on ticket-of-leave in Western Australia. Saward, ex-barrister and forger, may be alive now. This noted criminal was transported about thirty years ago, and an officer in the commissariat stationed at Perth, W.A., tells a very curious story about the famous forger. The well-behaved convicts were allowed to earn some trifling money wages, and it was part of this gentleman's functions to pay them, they giving a receipt for the same. "Can you write, my man?" he asked one of the batch of prisoners who came to the payable. "Write, sir," echoed the convict, "why, I'm *Jim the Penman*."

A FEW days ago a well-known musician was asked by a *virtuoso* to sup with him and to bring his violin. "Sir," was the reply, "My violin never sups. Good night."

A COMEDIAN who is very much afraid of burglars, on leaving town a week or two ago, spent half a day in fastening up doors and otherwise securing the house, and, on finishing, discovered that his only way of leaving the house was by the chimney or the letter box slit.

"I LIVE in my charmer's eyes," said a fop to Colman. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "for I observed she had a *stye* in them when I saw her last."

EDITOR, to new dramatic critic—"I like your work, sir; I am delighted with it. No matter how young and lovely and pretty a new actress may be, you don't gush over her!" Dramatic critic—"No, sir." Editor—"That is what I like about your articles. With all my former critics I was in hot water half the time. They were all young fellows, and every now and then they'd bring in a lot of fresh gush about some new actress, and every time, without exception, my wife would suspect me of writing those articles myself. See?" Dramatic critic—"I see. Well, there'll never be any such trouble while I'm with you. I've got a wife, too, and she knows I write 'em!"

JUST thirty years ago *La Grisette de Beranger* was first played at the theatre des Folies Dramatiques, Paris. The part of Lizette was taken by the celebrated Virginie Dejazet. The famous old actress at that time had lost all her teeth. In honour of the new part she was to personify she ordered a beautiful new set. Finding her teeth uncomfortable, she took them out as soon as the play was over and put them in her pocket. In the green-room she unfortunately sat upon them, and rose up with a scream "What is the matter?" asked genial old Adolphe Dennery. "Nothing," smiled Mademoiselle Dejazet. "I only bit myself."

THE villain of a well-known melodrama had to be shot. The supers came on and fired at him, accordingly, but the property man had omitted to load the guns, and the only sound was the faint click of the falling hammers. The villain had to die, and rose to the occasion. Throwing up his arms, he exclaimed, "I dies perforated by a thousand bullets, but I takes the opportunity of cursing with my last breath the niggardly government that supplies its army with air guns."

DID IT ON PURPOSE —Scholl tells a good story about a comic singer who called the other day at the manager's office of one of the principal cafe-chantants in Paris to see about getting an engagement. "But, let me see," said the manager. "I seem to know your face. Did you not sing at the Vernon Theatre last season?" "Yes." "But, my poor fellow, you were a fearful frost." "Yes, on purpose?" "How on purpose?" "You see, the manager didn't pay us. If I had sung well I should have got nothing but applause. As I sang as wretchedly as I could the people bombarded me with apples, and I got something to eat at least."

AN American dramatist, observing to a friend the thinness of the house during the performance of one of his plays, supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied the wag, "I should judge it was owing to the piece."

THE supreme moment had arrived. The house was hushed as the heroine moaned "What shall I do? What *shall* I do?" And then, from the flies, came a voice in response: "Turn on the blue!" Of course, it wasn't in response really, and the lime light man ought not to have required it, but the effect was the same, scene ruined, heroine furious!

* * *

POOR OLD SHAKESPEARE.—Truth is sometimes stronger than fiction, although that perhaps is not saying much nowadays. In confirmation, here is a little story the authenticity of which may be depended upon. A theatrical travelling company was recently playing *Cymbeline* in the provinces, when, at a most unimportant town, the manager on his arrival received a note from one of the newspaper offices. The contents were to the following effect:—"Kindly let us have a synopsis of your new play *Cymbeline*, and author's name. If comic opera, please mention who is the composer." Evidently immortality is not such an enduring thing as some people fancy.

* * *

MODEST.—"You want me to read over your play and produce it afterwards?" said the manager. "Yes, sir," replied the unblushing young playwright. "Don't you think that it is asking me to do a good deal?" "Well, perhaps it is. How would it do for you to produce it first and read it afterwards?"

* * *

AN author, complaining of the injustice of the press in condemning his new tragedy, said the censures were unjust, and the audience did not hiss it. "No," replied the friend, "*how could they yawn and hiss together?*"

* * *

ANDREW DUCROW (of Astley's famous "horse opera" in London) was noted for a proud contempt for the literary part of the drama. "Cut the dialect (dialogue) and come to the 'osses," was his favourite direction. During the rehearsal of an equestrian piece one morning, after listening with growing impatience to a long dialogue between the two leading actors, he at last broke in with: "Hold hard, gentlemen; here's a deal of cackle without any good in it. I'll show you how to cut it. You say, 'Yield thee, Englishman.' Then you (indicating the other) answer, 'Never.' Then you say, 'Obstinate Englishman, you die.' Then you both fights. There, that settles the matter; the audience will understand you a great deal better,—and the poor 'osses won't catch cold while you're jawing."

* * *

MEDLEY, the mimic, tells a yarn of how, some years ago, having taken a house in the north of London, previously vacated by a doctor, and not having taken the precaution to plug the speaking tube, he was awakened the second night after moving in by a loud ringing at the door bell, and, on starting up, by a guttural voice from the vicinity of his pillow exclaiming, "Will you come round at once to Mrs. Smith, up the Green lanes. She's werry bad, and the nurse is there."

* * *

CARLETON says he once saw a play called *The Dog Detective*, which was written to fit a large, bow-legged bull terrier, and made a great hit. The dog detected the villain in the first act, chewed his leg in the second, sampled his arm in the third, and polished him off in the fourth, amid the tumultuous plaudits of a large and fashionable audience.

WHY IS IT so.—Fanny Thomas, an actress now travelling in the States, sends a wail of bitterness across the wide Pacific :—Every broken-hearted heroine weeps on exactly the same part of her arm, on just the same part of the chair or sofa, with precisely the same number of “boo-hoos,” since the first good weeper made a hit by doing just so. The “hit” is left out now, however, when we anticipate each time the repeated items. Who does not writhe in anticipation of the stage exit? The two step stride, the closed-fist thump on the top of the door, the turn, the sudden raise of head and other arm, then the tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum of climax, and the shoot from sight. Same old exit every time, sure. Yet, never on earth, in any circumstances, has any one of us ever seen a human being go out through a door in just that way. I can imagine the first time it was done. Some grand night some king of the stage, who was a man before he was an actor, made an exit in that way. It was new, it was consistent with his looks, tones, and way of doing things. Since then, there being no copyright on gesticulation, this has been adopted as the trade mark of every exit from that day.

NO SHIRKING, PLEASE.—One may have a very good ear for a band without knowing much about harmony or being in any sense an educated musician. Several years ago, during an eight-hours procession, a certain official was observed listening intently to the playing of one of the bands, the cloud on his face increasing as he listened. Finally he went to the leader and broke out, “Whin we pay good money to a band, we want thim all to play. Now here’s wan or two of yez playing sinsible music and the rest of yez goin’ ’toot, toot!’ Why don’t some of yez play the chune and airn your monny?”

LOOKING over a bundle of old papers, says the *Hawk*, I came across an almost illegible scrawl, which many years ago I wrote down. It was Albery’s epitaph, written by himself, half in earnest, half in fun, at a time when he was full of promise, but had taken to sitting up all night with boon companions and sleeping all day. It is deeply interesting and almost prophetic, for, though he did do something, it was comparatively little. Thus runs the verse :—

He revelled ’neath the moon,
He slept beneath the sun;
He lived a life of going to do,
And died with nothing done.

IT ITCHED.—At an amateur performance of *Hamlet*, given at Burton-on-Trent some years ago, the first grave digger, feeling it necessary to scratch his head, thoughtlessly removed his wig in order to do so, in the full view of the audience; in fact, while delivering his lines. Needless to say, the incident created considerable mirth.

AND at another amateur performance, this time at the old Park Theatre, since destroyed by fire, an equally ludicrous thing occurred. The play was *Time and the Hour*, in which it will be remembered the hero dies after a sleep walking scene, and the heroine precipitates herself on his corpse. On this occasion, the “corpse” reciprocated her embrace by clasping his arms round her body, amidst the laughter of the audience. And thus was a powerful, and be it said, a well acted scene utterly ruined. The amateur actor whose feelings thus overcame him was one of the most distinguished and successful of his class, so that inexperience was not the cause of his curious mistake.

A "JUDAH" PROBLEM.—"Has'nt Jones made a mistake in calling his hero Judah Llewellyn? Can there be such a thing as a Welsh Jew?" "Why not? do we not have English Arabs?" "Yes, and Scotch Moors?"

FIE, LADIES.—A new York manager states that during the past theatrical season he has received 600 manuscript plays, upwards of one hundred of which dealt with the vilest aspects of female life and character, and beat Zola hollow in point of depravity. The worst offenders in this respect, he adds, are women. Newspaper men are also fond of trying their hands at dramatic writing, or what purports to be such; but for one who succeeds in putting together a good play, there are a hundred who, in the words of the manager, "make a beastly mess of it."

WE encountered a well known actor in full regimentals the other day says the *Bird o' Freedom*. "Tower Hamlets?" we opined, smilingly. (You should see us smile—it is a treat.) "No," responded the mummer severely. "I belong to the Artists." "M'yes." Some people have no idea of the fitness of things.

"OH, that mine enemy would write a book!" was the cry of the vengeful in olden time. "Oh, that mine enemy would give a matinee!" is the modern version. And it's a thousand to one your enemy will, if you'll only wait a bit, says the *Topical Times*.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Mr. D'Oyly Carte will be pleased to learn that in the programme of a theatre at Syracuse, U.S.A., which lies before us, the play being *The Gondoliers*, the following sentence occurs:—"The opera is correct in every detail as presented at the SAVORY Theatre, London, England."

MUSICIAN—"I saw you among the audience at the oratorio of 'The Creation' the other evening." Eminent divine—"Yes, I felt that it was my duty to go and hear it; but it was dreadfully tiresome. Between the long drawn-out recitatives, the endless repetitions in the arias and choruses, the hard seats in the hall, the necessity of remaining quiet all that time, and the cramped up position in which I had to sit, I was nearly dead by the time they got through." Musician—"You should sit among the congregation in a church for a while and get hardened."

"WHAT beautiful tune is that?" asked a gentleman of an organ-grinder. "Silfra tredi monigo," said the Italian. The gentleman rushed into the nearest shop, resolved to get the music. "Have you the Italian song, 'Silfra tredi monigo?'" The clerk looked, but couldn't find it. "I'ow does it go?" The gentleman whistled a bar or two, and the clerk brought him "Silver threads among the gold."

THE late lamented Lady Macbeth remarked to her late lamented husband: "Hie thee hither that I may pour my spirit in thine ear." Wonder if old Mac always took his that way.

"WHAT do you think of Miss Tightlace?" asked one fair comédienne of another in the Green Room. "Don't you think she is of much the same temperature as Miss Montmorency?" "Warm, I suppose you mean, then," responded her friend. But she didn't, though, only she meant to have said "temperament."

SHERIDAN HAD A NICE SON.—Sheridan told his son he thought it was high time for him to take a wife. "Whose wife shall I take, sir?" was the reply. Sheridan threatened to cut his son off with a shilling. "You don't happen to have a shilling *about you* said the hopeful.—BUT THE OLD MAN DIDN'T ALWAYS COME OFF SECOND BEST. Sheridan, jun., who was a candidate for Parliament, asserted, if elected, he should place a label on his forehead, with these words: "To let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right Tom," said his father, "but don't forget to add the word *unfurnished*."

AN old gentleman at the theatre, bothered by the constant coughing of a lady near him, said: "That's a very bad cold of yours." "The best I've got," said she.

WHEN Mrs. Siddons called on Dr. Johnson, the servant could not immediately bring her a chair. "You see, Madam," said Johnson, "wherever you go, how difficult it is to *find seats*."

A YOUNG actor wished Quin to employ him in comedy. He rehearsed the part of Abel in the "Alchemist." Quin told him that he thought his proper character was that of Cain who *murdered* Abel.

A TRAVELLING Munchausen said he had seen a church in Spain a mile long. "Bless me," said Garrick, "How broad was it?" "About ten yards," replied the startled narrator, who had not supposed Garrick to be listening. "That is not a round lie," said Garrick, "but differs from his other stories, which are generally as *broad as they are long*." Which shows that Garrick was occasionally rude.

ECONOMY.—"Vell, Leah, how shall ve go to the theatre, hay?" "Vell, I shan't go at all except in a cab, so there." "How much vil a cab cosht?" "Eighteen pensh." "Vell, look here, Leah, I'll give you a shillin' for yourself and ve'll valk."

EXPERIENCED.—"So you think you can play Hamlet, do you, young man?" asked the manager. "I do," responded Bolgy Beecham, firmly. "And have you had any actual stage experience?" "Certainly, sir, or I wouldn't undertake so difficult a rôle." "And what parts have you played?" "I don't know that you would call it a 'part,' exactly; but for three weeks I shook one end of the canvas waves in the great open sea scene in *A Life on the Ocean Wave*."

ACCORDING to latest advices, Sullivan, the "slugger," calls acting "dead easy," and no doubt the great man is toasting genius as personified by himself. It is not a little strange that Irving, Vezin, Beerbohm Tree and a few more of the rank and file behind Sullivan consider their profession a difficult one.

Down in the front, in hat immense,
A lady fair was seated,
But soon she took it off, because
Her head grew overheated—
Mind reader she, and felt the hot
Unspoken words her headgear brought.

THE tired song-singer who is compelled to respond to numeroless encores may be said to be a victim to add-verse circumstances.

DURING the performance of a tragedy, a bald-headed gentleman, looking up into the gallery, said, "My dear madam, I respect your emotion, but the truth is you are shedding tears on my head."

"WE were playing in a small town back in the seventies," said a theatrical man, "when our leading heavy man had a rather tough experience. All the miners were in the theatre. Well, the heavy man had been persecuting a poor maiden through two acts. In the third act he came to the powerful scene of the play. 'At last,' he said, 'I have you in my power, and nothing on earth can save you. I, who was the slave, am now the master.' So saying, he advanced towards his trembling victim. 'Mercy!' she moaned. 'Mercy!' he retorted, 'You had no mercy for me, and I will have none for you.' At that moment a gruff voice was heard from the gallery. 'You blamed varmint, I'll settle with you.' There was the crack of a pistol, and a bullet whizzed near the heavy man. 'Plug the son of a gun, boys,' continued the voice, and a shower of bullets saluted the stage villain. He didn't stop long, but fled from the stage. In the wing he met the stage-manager, who was white with anger. 'You have broken up the scene,' he said. 'Well?' 'Go back to the stage, sir, and wait for your exit.' 'I guess not.' 'I tell you I won't have a man in my company who is so easily disconcerted. Go on with the scene, or you leave the company to-morrow.' That was serious. To be stranded in that forsaken town was calculated to make the heavy man appreciative. 'I'll go back,' he said. He tore off his wig just before going on and, stepping down to the footlights with an injured expression of countenance, he said: 'Ladies and gentlemen (there were no ladies there, but that didn't matter), with your kind permission, I will resume the scene. Before doing so, however, I want to call your attention to the fact that the young lady and myself are merely acting parts. In reality we are the best of friends. I bear you no illwill for your display of heroic chivalry. I trust, however, that you will curb your generous sentiments, for if you should hit me the play would be interrupted. If any of the gentlemen will meet me after the show at McCarty's, they will find out I am not a bad fellow.' Loud cheers greeted this speech, and the play was resumed."

FRENCH authors are funny fellows. M. Herancourt, who arranged the recent sacred play for Sarah Bernhardt's reading at the Cirque d'Hiver, appeased his refractory, because bored, audience, by ostentatiously kissing Madame Bernhardt's hand and the cheeks of various female members of his family who were present. The audience applauded the kisser, and allowed his reading to proceed in peace. Some of our "baited" ones might try the effect of this proceeding, and keep relatives—mothers-in-law would lend a touch of sentiment—ready in stage boxes in case of any unsatisfactory ebullition on the part of the house.

GARRICK was once accosted on the street in London by a man in rags with "Halloa, Garrick, don't you know me?" "I do not," replied the actor. "Strange," said the tattered man, "we acted together at the Drury Lane Theatre." "Impossible," replied Garrick, "in what play?" "In *Hamlet*. I took the part of the cock, and *crowed* three times behind the curtain."

GARRICK asked Rich how much he thought Covent Garden would hold. "I could tell you to a shilling," he replied, "if you would play Richard in it."

EPITAPH.

(*On an Actor.*)

Ambition's parts he oft essayed,
But never with renown ;
And in the last great act he played,
Death rung the curtain down ;
For fame he longed ; it kept afar,
And life was full of jars ;
But if he failed to be a star,
He's now above the stars.

AN inquisitive man said to Dumas : " You are a quadroon ? " " I believe I am, sir," said Dumas. " And your father ? " " Was a mulatto." " And your grandfather ? " " Negro," hastily answered the dramatist. " And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was ? " " An ape, sir," thundered Dumas ; " yes, sir, an ape ; my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

WHO WAS THE COMEDIAN ?—A comedian had arranged to pay Mr. Berry, his greengrocer, quarterly ; but the latter on one occasion being hard pressed for money, sent in the bill prematurely. The comedian indignantly said to the grocer : " I say, here's a mull-berry. You have sent in your bill-berry before it is due-berry. Your father, the elder-berry, would not have been such a goose-berry ; but you need not look black-berry, for I dont care a straw-berry, and I shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

THE father of Mrs. Siddons had forbidden her to marry an actor. Notwithstanding his injunction, she married one of the theatrical profession. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious, and asked her how she dared disobey him. She asserted she had not disobeyed him. " Why," said he, " You have married the worst performer in my company." " Exactly so," murmured the bride ; " nobody can call him an actor."

A POOR, half-starved actor played the part of the apothecary so well in " Romeo and Juliet " that his salary was raised. This led to better living on his part, which fattened him so that he lost his position, for which a very lean man was wanted. Poverty soon brought him again in suitable condition, and he returned to the boards.

MOLIERE was asked why, in some countries, the king may assume the crown when fourteen years old, and cannot marry until eighteen. " Because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom," was his reply.

SHERIDAN excused himself from walking with an elderly lady, on account of the bad weather. Soon afterwards she met him alone. " So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, " it has cleared up." " Just a little, ma'am,—enough for one, but not enough for two."

MR. HENRY IRVING, in a talk about his art, said : " What is natural on the stage is always unnatural off it. It is the appearance of nature, not nature itself, that we have to present."

"WHAT'S the matter?" asked the stage manager, who noticed that something was going wrong during the grave-digging scene in *Hamlet*. "It's the first grave-digger," whispered Horatio. "He says that unless the manager sends him at once the price of a good supper, he's going to eat the loaf of bread that they're using for Yorick's skull."

A NEW voice has been discovered, according to the following:—Girl (at a dramatic agency recently): "I want to get a position in a chorus, if possible." Agent: "What is your voice?" Girl: "Soapralto."

"I SAY, Hartist, what is classical music?" enquired the Early One. "It is rather difficult to explain," was the reply. "But when you go to a concert, and hear a long piece that you do not understand, and at the end of which everybody applauds enthusiastically and looks very much relieved you can generally put it down as classical music."

BALLET Girl: "Ah, doctor, I am glad to see you. I am getting too fat and that worries me awfully. I am afraid of losing my elf-like figure. Can't you tell me what to do?" Doctor: "Of course I can. Why don't you live a few months on your salary only?"

MORITZ SAPHIR, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theatre. Someone leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir; "I thought it was mine."

KISSES are like an actress' diamonds, the oftener they're stolen the better their owners are pleased.

Though actors may quarrel,
Howe'er they may rage
They are sure to "make up"
When they go on the stage.

"I SEE that Sarah Bernhardt had a very narrow escape," remarked the Prodigal the other day. "Well, that is all she needs," replied the Hartist.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT AT A THEATRE.—Once when I was a callow, bashful one, I took a plain, unsentimental, country girl and her aunt to a theatre one night. She seemed divine, and I wore my new patent leather boots. At the end of the first half-hour she said—"Why do you fidget with your feet so?" I said, "Did I?" Then I put my attention there and kept still. At the end of another half-hour she said—"Why do you say 'yes, oh yes,' and 'ha, ha, ho, certainly, very true!' to everything I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed, and explained that I had been a little absent-minded. At the end of another half hour she said—"Please why do you grin steadfastly at vacancy and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes, and said—"Why do you cry so much?" I exclaimed that very funny comedies always

made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped off my boots. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on again. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibuses going our way, and as I walked home burning with shame, with the girl and her aunt on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of some compassion, especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from the street lamps. Finally this sweet young thing said, "Where are your boots?" and, being unprepared, I put a finish to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark, "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre."

* * *

APROPOS to Mr. Leonard Boyne's having to ride a race in the Adelphi drama, *The English Rose*, *The Sporting Times* wittily foreshadowed a combination of profession on the part of our actors and singers, and suggested the following as likely to be found among the advertisements of the future:

MR. HERMANN VEZIN.

(Disengaged.)

Leading Business, High and Lofty Tumbling. Private Lessons given in Elocution and Gymnastics. Terms on application.

MR. W. S. PENLEY.

The Funniest Comedian and most Daring Barebacked Rider now before the Public. On tour, with own Company and Horses, in October. Town Christmas, Thanks, Messrs. Sanger, for kind offer.

MISS NELLY FARREN.

Queen of Burlesque, and Strongest Woman on Earth.

Can Lift the Heaviest Play Ever Written Without an Effort.

On Tour, Gaiety Company.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

Prima Donna and Flying Trapeze.

Madame Patti's artistic rendering of "Home, Sweet Home," while descending the spiral wire in her modest dress, has been the rage of West Sunderland.

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VISITOR to Stratford-on-Avon: "What are they playing at the Memorial Theatre on April 23 this year?" Inhabitant: "Dunno." Visitor: "*Measure for Measure*, I think." Inhabitant: "Oh! Who's that by?" Visitor: "Shakespeare. Shall you go?" Inhabitant: "Not me. I shan't go nigh the theatre until the *Romany Rye* comes." Visitor: "Why the *Romany Rye*?" Inhabitant (his eyes sparkling): "Because that's what they were playing when the Exeter Theatre was burnt down."

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THE management of a theatre announced that the ladies of the ballet would wear longer dresses. The local optician advertised:—"In consequence of the lengthening of the dresses of the ladies of the ballet at the Theatre Royal, I am selling my opera glasses at half price, to clear the stock."

* * *

A well-known American dramatic critic, who was present at the first performance of the new Savoy comic opera in New York, when the result was something like a fiasco, remarked to a colleague as the audience dispersed at the close of the evening, "They will have to re-name this piece for the States, I guess. Instead of *The Gondoliers* they will have to call it *The Gone-Dollars*."

MUTUAL assistance and encouragement are things that actors should share with one another, but oftener than not, in the professional struggle, it is every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Apropos of this peculiarity a story of Cushman and Lawrence Barrett, recently revived by Arlo Bates, is worth repeating. One wintry night the two were coming out the theatre together. The steps were covered with ice. The actress said to Barrett, "Hold tight to my arm, Larry. If I slip hang on like grim death; but if you slip, in the name of heaven, let go."

In *The Lady of Lyons* they talk of "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and when the other day an actor said, "Ewers of water and drawers of wood," there was a terrible explosion.

SONG OF THE CORYPHEE.

Will you love me when the winter
Casts its whiteness on my brow?
When I lose those "girlie" notions
That you say delight you now?
Will you faithful be for ever,
Or grow diffident and cold,
When I'm dancing in the ballet,
Will you love me when I'm old?

JACK. "Well, Clara made her debut on the professional stage as Cleopatra last night." Jack's Sister: "Did she come out with honour?" Jack (doubtfully): "N-no, she didn't come out with much on her."

THEY WERE ESSENTIAL.—They were haggling over the salary question. "Twenty-five a week is the most I can do," declared the manager. "That's quite out of the question," she insisted; "I told you I had to pawn some of my diamonds, and I shall never be able to take them out at that rate." "Well, why not leave them in?" "How can I? I must wear them in that scene where I'm starving to death in a snow storm."

HUSBAND of popular actress: "My wife has decided to retire from the stage!" Friend: "Indeed! At once?" N—no, not exactly at once. We have not yet decided upon the exact year, but she will begin her first farewell tour next season."

THE GOOD OLD MUMMER.

Under the "profile" chestnut tree
The good old mummer stands;
Within his bosom thrust, has he
One of his bony hands;
And his voice is husky, harsh, and deep
And loud as German bands.
His hair is thin, and black, and long,
His face shaven clean,
Whilst here and there red streaks betray
The want of vaseline;
And his brow is bent with grave intent,
For he thinks himself a "Kean."

Week in, week out, from morn to night
 You can hear the same old yarns,
 You can hear him bragging in the pubs.,
 "He's played, egad, in barns."
 "The drama's going to the dogs"
 His listeners he warns.
 And new fledged actors sit around
 With faces mild and meek,
 While the good old fossil growls and sneers
 At modern actors' cheek;
 And waxing potent hurls at them
 His "sixteen parts a week."
 He goes on Sunday to the train,
 He sits among the boys;
 Above the din of travelling
 He hears his own loved voice
 Still harping on those sixteen parts,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.
 He needs must think of that dead past,
 How in the grave it lies;
 He holds the *Era* in his hand
 As such sad mem'ries rise,
 And with the "wanted" page he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.
 Romancing, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees him in the pub.,
 He'll be there at its close;
 In fact, he's there the livelong day,
 Excepting when he "shows."

DUMAS one day called upon a lady to present her with a copy of his last play. A physician was present, who sneered, "Still dabbling in tragedies?" The dramatist answered, "Come, doctor, no jealousy! You know nobody can mistake my work for yours, as all your tragedies are bound in mahogany, mine in morocco."

He rose from his seat with a look of disgust
 And said, as he took his hat:
 "Let us go where the flute isn't quite so sharp
 And the beer isn't quite so flat."

"Do you see that man sitting in the proscenium box over there?" "Yes."
 "Well, he amuses me. Every one in the house has been screaming with laughter, and yet I have not seen him smile once during the performance."
 "He applauds, does he not?" "Oh! yes, he applauds everything that's done. Do you know him?" "Why, certainly. He's the author of the piece."

NEW play (by the author of *Pink Dominos*)—Black draughts.

WIFE (given to literature and the drama): "George, what is the meaning of the expression 'Go to' you meet with so often in Shakespeare and the old dramatists?" Fond husband, "Don't know, I'm sure, dear, unless"—well, perhaps he was going to say, —, but thought it wouldn't sound proper.

THEY had been to see *A Doll's House*, and Mrs. Jones was urging "woman's rights" on her unsympathetic husband. "Woman's rights!" exclaimed the latter, "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me, our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."

"THE candles you sold me last week were very bad," said Toole to a tallow chandler. "Indeed, sir," said he, "I'm sorry for that." "They burnt to the middle," said the wag, "and they wouldn't burn any longer." "What, sir, did they go out?" "No, they burnt shorter."

PATTI has been singing D in Julia, D flat in Lucia, and E in Rosina. She can warble F in alt. Here! what's all this about? There's no D in Julia or Lucia, nor C in Rosina. But then the musical bird is not "edicated up to this form."

"I HAVE a new play," he said, bursting into the sanctum. "I must read it to you. It's a ripper, I tell you. Listen. First scene: Interior of a raft——." But the manager fled, and his boots could be heard creaking down the stairs like greased lightning.

OVERHEARD at the theatre: "Have you left your wife alone at home?" "No, her cousin George is looking after her." "Anyone looking after him?"

FALLING INTO THE PIT.—Incumbent (up for the May meetings, to curate evidently up for the same purpose): "I thought the vicar spoke to the point last night."—Curate (who has dropped in to see "Olivia"): "Yes, capital bit of acting; pit crammed."

MR. TERMUTS (from Mudleigh-in-the-Marsh, who goes to see *L'Enfant Prodigue*):—"Ere, why don't you speak up? I can't 'ear a word."

It is not altogether unpleasant to sometimes encounter folk who can be taciturn without an effort. The other evening two middle-aged men possessing this virtue came into the stalls at the theatre. One looked at his boots and said the streets were confoundedly dirty; the other grunted assent, and nothing more—not a single word—was said until the end of the third act of the play. The position of affairs being this, that the heroine is (presumably) dead, the villain returning with honors, and successful but heartbroken, a brilliant thought suggested itself to the more brilliant of the two. He shifted slightly in his seat, turned to his friend and said, "It must be very difficult to write a play?" The other said, "Think so?" and then silence re-ensued for the remainder of the evening.

SHE DID IT.—"It is absolutely necessary, madam, that you take the oath as to the character of these articles before they leave the Custom House," said the deputy-collector, as he filled out the usual declaration for an actress who called for some important packages, recently. "But I cannot. I really don't want to swear," she protested. "You must, madam," said the official, "the law requires it." The actress debated a moment, and then said, with a gasp, "Well, it's a most iniquitous requirement, but if I must, I must. D——n it! There——may the Lord have mercy on my soul."

A writer has been discussing the question, "Do actors feel?" You can be certain they feel. If they are playing on shares and the house is bad they feel worse than the audience.

VERY PARTICULAR.—During Mr. Irving's performance one evening not long ago one of the gallery gods called out, "That's not in *Macbeth*!" The rally would have upset the house but for the splendour of the acting. It reminds one of that utterance from the same celestial place on the first night of the only dramatic piece that Miss Braddon has ever written, which did upset the house and spoil the piece. A scene was introduced in which a child was kidnapped from its mother, and at the end, when all were made happy, the restoration of the child was taken for granted. It was the fault of a novelist, and passed unnoticed for half a minute after the fall of the curtain. Then a "god" leaned over the balcony and solemnly enquired, "What about that kid?" The piece was swamped in the inextinguishable burst of laughter.

AN American *impresario* has just beaten the record in regard to the cheap running of an opera company. He has been lately taking it round in a district well nigh beyond the bounds of American civilisation, and exceptional economy had therefore to be practised. To such an extent, in fact, did he cut down expenses, that at one time, as the ingenious manager has confessed to the inevitable interviewer, his chorus consisted of but one solitary member. "But how could one vocalist sing a chorus?" inquired the puzzled reporter. "Well you see," returned the *impresario*, "when once he went on I made him sing the various parts in the chorus one after another. So it came to the same thing for the audience in the end. They had every note of the chorus before he had done."

"Ah!" remarked the parson, as he gazed bashfully at the ballet girls, "Now I understand the significance of the passage, 'The body is more than raiment.'"

GETTING RID OF A CREDITOR.—"Get out you ornithorhynchus!" said Charles Coghlan to an unwelcome visitor. The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An ornithorhynchus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as a beast with a bill."

AN actor who was performing at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, recently wore a dirty pair of white duck trousers. A lad in the gallery, observing the state of the actors' nether garment, shouted out, "Och! mister, wouldn't your ducks be the better of a swim?"

"If we go to *Now a Days* to-night, darling," softly cooed Mrs. Early Bird, "Shall you have to go out to see a man directly after the first act?" "Probably, my angel," returned Birdie. "Then," purred the little woman, "here's ten shillings more, my ownest; and then you can buy a stall for the man and he can sit on the other side of me all the evening."

"THE high hats the ladies wear now have their uses after all," said our Dramatic Critic the other day to Goody. "I sat behind one the other night at the Standard, and I rather enjoyed the sensation." "But you couldn't see the stage, could you?" asked the genial manager. "That was the best of it. Timothy Portleton was playing *Macbeth*."

A CHICAGO paper says that St. Louis is such a dead theatrical town that managers are obliged to send carriages for the deadheads.

PATTI now admits that her good complexion is due to her eating prunes. How about those soap and cosmetic testimonials?

REHEARSED EFFECT.—During an entertainment given by the Austral Amateur Minstrels in aid of the Bourke Relief Fund, in the Town Hall, Canterbury, on the 28th June, 1890, a (sham) dispute arose between the "Interlocutor" and the "tambo" anent the singing of a song. Angry words led to blows, and so perfect was the illusion that a certain Alderman (who at a council meeting earned for himself the proud distinction of middle-weight champion) sprang from his seat on to the stage and endeavoured to separate the combatants, only discovering his error when all too late, for the occurrence literally fetched the house, and the worthy Alderman's laudable effort was greeted with shrieks and roars of derisive laughter.

A CELEBRATED BOX KEEPER.—Does anyone remember Jemmy Stride, the celebrated "box-keeper" at Drury Lane, in the days of Chatterton? Because he recently died at the age of 74. Jemmy was celebrated for his hat and his wholesale distribution of "orders," in which branch of usefulness the old character was mainly employed. Stride's tall silk hat glistened like a steel helmet in his halcyon days. It was never spotted by rain nor specked with dust, and anybody else's hat, being worn for the first time, seemed dull and gloomy in the presence of this incomparable tile. The story went that a private detective received instructions to discover the reason of Stride's hat, but could trace the mystery no further than a certain shop, where every morning one hat would be left in exchange for another of the exact same shape and glossiness. Two or more hats were evidently being worn, turn and turn about, but the special "fakement" practised upon them remained a secret between Jemmy and the shopkeeper who used him as an advertisement. With his hat for a card of introduction Jemmy ingratiated himself with the wealthiest of the professional racing world and made a practice of posting "orders" to people who would respond to the summons in evening-dress and a carriage. "Large and fashionable" audiences were often brought together by Jemmy's discreetly-placed "paper" and it was a treat to behold him bowing, smiling, and raising the renowned hat in honour of a crowd of people who were going in "on the never." Once a year this master of the paper-hanging art enjoyed a benefit, and he was original even in that. Instead of waiting for his acquaintances to take tickets, Jemmy posted tickets to them, just as many as he thought they would pay for, and in fair proportion to the number of orders they had respectfully received during the twelve months. But it must be many a long year since "Stride's Benefit" breathed its last, and Stride's hat began to lose its lustre. There are no great, Napoleonic "box-keepers" nowadays.

THE late Barnum made more celebrity by the purchase of Jumbo than by any of his thousands of better financial speculations. And if that perverse beast (who after all was only a trifle bigger than ordinary elephants) hadn't pitted himself against a railway train, there was a fortune in him for the old showman. Jumbo possessed no feature of interest, save the advertised fact that he was extra large, a circumstance for which the world didn't care a straw until Barnum worked it up into a great Anglo-American question. But the newspaper gush, the stories of how the British nobility sent barrels of

oysters for the elephant, in order that he might be "kept up" in the hour of his departure for the Far West, all this bunkum has sunk deep into the American soil. Englishmen travelling through the states found themselves special objects of interest. The girls would cluster round young Adolphus and say—"I guess you've seen Jumbo—what's he like?" Whereupon the globe-trotter would expand his chest and reply, "Haw, a dem'd fine elephant, bai jovel!"

THAT DID HER!—Miss Fanny Addison's fine performance of Rosa Dartle, in Little Em'ly, at the Park Theatre, used to greatly move the more excitable among the audience. Once in the climax where, with the words, "Die, die on a dunghheap!" she hurls the heroine to the ground, a gentleman in the gallery was strangely agitated, and could hardly keep his seat. At this juncture, another of the characters comes on with the words: "There's a ship sinking; they say its the 'Rosa Dartle!'" Whereon the galleryite yelled "That's done yer, yer cat!" and fell back with much evident relief in his seat to the great amusement of the audience.

LEATHES, in his *Actor Abroad*, relates an amusing incident which occurred during a performance of *Othello*. Iago, having delivered the speech beginning "My muse labours," and concluding "She was a wight, if ever such wight were," Desdemona asked, in accordance with her part, "to do what?" Iago's reply would have been, "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer." But the unfortunate Iago, with his wits wandering elsewhere, rejoined, "To suckle small beer." Becoming aware of his mistake, and nervously trying to correct himself, he continued—"and chonicle ah—ah—small females." Of course this extraordinary perversion greatly tickled the audience. Their hilarity was renewed when Desdemona continued, "Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion." The author of the *Actor Abroad* says he once chaffed a lady appearing as the Player Queen in *Hamlet* into saying, "Nor earth to me give Heaven, nor food light."

MORE than slightly mixed was a notoriously absent-minded actor named Bland, described in the "memoirs"—now rather out of date—of Charles Lee Lewis, who, announced with his company to appear in a Scotch theatre, and finding the audience too small to justify the expense of a performance, said, "Ladies and gentlemen,—As there is not a soul in the house worth playing to, this play will be repeated to-morrow night."

A POTTER, remarks a *Bulletin* correspondent, would not think of burning his ware on a sieve with wooden rims, but Mr. Cartwright, at Melbourne Royal, did so in "The Middleman," and a leading lady wears what looks like the same white dress in three acts in "Moths" and complains bitterly, in the last act, of the cold, while all the other actors and actresses are wrapped up in overcoats, furs, gloves, and top-boots. This is not so bad as the actor in "Green Lanes of England," who would persist in striking his matches on the sole of his boot in the snow-storm scene.

POSITIVELY the funniest thing you ever heard. The late King of Prussia and Baron Seidelwitz were desperate admirers of Cerito, nicknamed Cherry-toes, the danseuse, and viewed her performances together from a side box, being so delighted that they got up, shook hands, and embraced each other! Hard lines!

WHEN in Dunedin Johnny Toole bought a photo of a Maori man and woman standing up to the waist in the water of the Pink Terrace bath. Then he got photoed, naked to the waist, stuck the head and shoulders between the coppery pair, got the lot re-photographed and sent copies home to Irving and other Hinglish friends.—*Sydney Bird o' Freedom*.

A CERTAIN well-known actor, or rater stick, who struts his hour upon the stage and makes people long for dynamite and things, has got a little son who says the following prayer nightly, much to the amusement of his mother, who knows the old man's weakness. The child kneels gravely and says ;—“Lord bless dear papa and mamma and little sissy and brother, and for Christ's sake make papa a good actor, amen.”—*Topical Times*.

CHILD AT A THEATRE :—“Mamma, when any-one dies on the stage, they always let the blind down, don't they ? ”

REALISM reached its utmost limit in the case of the provincial actor who when he had occasion to declare in a drama, “I blush for my native land,” always had the red lime light turned on his face !

GUBBINS went behind the scenes at the —— Theatre the other evening to see his friend George. They were standing on the stage together between the acts, when suddenly there was a shout of “Clear, please !” Away scudded the actor, leaving Nathaniel standing in the centre of the stage as the act drop went up discovering a lady in full evening dress reclining on a couch. Nothing daunted, Gub made her a profound bow, and exclaimed—“I will inform his Grace the Duke of your wishes, my lady, and he will doubtless hurry to cast himself at your feet !” And then he made his exit backwards. The beauty of it all was that there was no duke in the play, but the audience never tumbled to that fact.—*Sporting Times*.

“EVE was a burlesque actress.” “How do you know ?” “By her dress.”

SCENE—A BAR—She (behind the bar) : “I do like Mary Anderson !” He (in front) : “So do I. What have you seen her in ?” She : “*Winter's Tale*, the first time it was played on any stage. At Nottingham last year I had a half-guinea ticket. It was specially written for Mary Anderson, that's why there's a statue in it.” He : “Oh, ah ! Of course. Did you ever see her as *Galatea* ?” She : “Yes, but that's such an old play. I like *Winter's Tale* best, it's so much newer.”

THE late Joseph Eldred, in playing Micawber, used to wear a false stomach. Great was the excitement in the Birmingham theatre one night, about half an hour before the curtain went up, when Mr. Eldred's dresser exclaimed wildly : “Good heavens, he's going on at eight and I've been and left his stomach behind at Leicester.”

BEFORE THE GARRICK.—Overhead in the stalls :—“I think Kendal must be getting old, dear, don't you ?” “No, not very ; why do you think so ?” “Because he is losing his Hare !” And it took several brandies and sodas to bring him round.

TO ACTING MANAGERS.—A seeker after orders pestered Warden, of the Belfast Theatre, the other day. J. F. W. avoided him for some time, but, cornered at last, he regretted he had not a card, but scribbled on the dead-head's shirt front, "Admit one. Stalls. J. F. W." Night time came, and with it the order merchant at the entrance. Then the fun began as the checktaker, acting on instructions, declined to pass him unless he parted with the voucher!

THERE are few such thorough racegoers as the average "josses" At Stockton Races the other day, a well-known provincial actor, whose magnificently developed calves were conspicuous as he walked about the course in a knickerbocker suit of homespun, was pointed out by one Tyke to another thus—"See theer? that's a theatre chap yon. He's gotten his legs stuffed."

OVERHEARD at the Lyceum—She—"I wonder why they all pronounce Dr. Jekyll's name Dr. Geekill?" He—"Perhaps he was a veterinary surgeon."

CRITICISM.—Attentive auditor at the Princess's, to lady friend: "What a noble play, and how splendidly played." She: "Yes, indeed. Did you notice that lady sitting in the box with her hat on?"

A CERTAIN young actor, known more for his ambition than his ability, had been inflicting himself on the long-suffering London matinees in numerous fine parts, for "love," not money, and, after one extra painful effort as Mercutio, a kind friend remarked—"My boy, you are very foolish to play so many matinées." "Why so?" "Because, dear boy, they see you!" Young actor plays Romeo's last scene on the spot.

I WAS playing Burnand's *Colonel* at the Theatre Royal, Idleminster, says Mr. C. Collette. My old friend, Canon Biggun, was curious to see what a stage was like during the performance. I invited him round between the acts, and whilst crossing behind the scenes he tripped over a "brace screw," and fell. I assisted him to rise, apologising for the semi-darkness which had been the main cause of the accident. "Don't trouble, my dear friend," said the Canon, laughing good naturedly. "This is not the first time *the church has been down on the stage!*"

THE stage-door keeper at the Theatre Royal, Bath, was previously located at Liverpool, and great is his lamentation at the difference in the two towns. "This *is* a dull place," says he. "There's no *life* here—no, nor *death* either," he added; "for the people don't even die—they 'dry up.'"

THEY were discussing in a public bar the merits of the score of Sullivan's 1st *Ruddigore*. Said swell No. 1 to friend: "I really consider the music of *Ruddigore* superior to any of its predecessors, in fact, since seeing the piece Monday evening, several of the airs have been continually ringing in my head." Four ale customer, overhearing concluding portion of sentence: "The best thing you can do to stop that, guvner, is to put a rawr inion in yer ear' ole."

A SLAVEY was once the recipient of an order for the theatre. She went. They happened to be playing *Romeo and Juliet*. To the surprise of her

Mistress she was home again shortly after nine, having only seen the first act. "Why, Emily, how is it you're home so early?" queried the lady of the house. "Well, man, what was the use of my staying there all night? That boy will get the girl I can see plain enough. You see in the morning paper if I ain't right. I could see that directly."

DURING my visit to the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, says Mr. Henry Herman, I used to live with a dear old Irish lady of the name of Meagher. She was a kind, motherly sort of person, who looked upon me as sort of distantly related son, a young man whom she would have dearly liked to love, if that refractory being had only let her do so. About six o'clock one bitter cold morning, in February, I arrived at her house, after a most uncomfortable journey from Manchester. I had arranged to meet the stage carpenter at 9.30 a.m., and at 10 o'clock I had to superintend a rehearsal. I, therefore, asked Mrs. Meagher to be sure and call me at nine. "It is most important," I said. "Nine o'clock sharp." "Shure an ye can rely on me," the good woman replied. I woke at 9.15 without having been summoned. I rang my bell. Mrs. Meagher entered. "You did not call me, Mrs. Meagher," I said. "Faiks, Sorr, an I did call yez." "But, Mrs. Meagher, how can you say so? I sleep so lightly, and I never heard you." "Faiks, Sorr, I did call yer. But ye were asleep, and I did not like to wake yer, so I did not call very loud."

DIT MME. VANONI.—Vous me demandez une anecdote de ma vie théâtrale, en voici une :—A New York un richard, dont je ne me souviens plus le nom, venait très-souvent au moment des représentations dans le foyer du théâtre où je chantais le rôle d'Eurydice d'*Orphée aux Enfers*. Très-galant pour les petites dames de corps du ballet, il avait chaque fois un prétexte pour dépenser un peu de son argent. Les bouquets, le vin de champagne et même les petits cadeaux étant devenus choses trop ordinaires. Un soir, il imagina un jeu très-alléchant, surtout, pour ces petites dames. Comme Maître Corbeau, il leur tint à peu près ce langage : "Je vais mettre dans ce chapeau, que je fais tenir à deux mètres au dessus du sol, cent dollars en pièces d'or ; la première de vous qui touchera ce chapeau avec son gentil petit pied, gagnera les cent dollars." Ce petit jeu comme vous devez le penser est accepté avec grande joie. On commence avec empressement et, chacune des petites dames, exécute ce nouveau pas—mais sans aucun succès ; le nez seulement du Monsieur était menacé. Le mécontentement commençait à devenir général ; les yeux du Monsieur rayonnaient de joie. En ce moment, je sortis du scène et je fis mon apparition dans le foyer, mise aussitôt au courant du petit jeu, je m'élançai et, d'un formidable coup de pied, j'envoyai rouler sur le sol, chapeau et pièces d'or. Le tout n'y resta pas longtemps, chacune des petites dames, avait pris sa part. Seule, je n'avais rien ; mais ce parfait gentleman, le lendemain, m'envoyait un bijou qui remplaçait très-largement les cent dollars.

AN AWKWARD DISCOVERY.—A well-known actress tells the following story : "I once played in 'Lady Audley's Secret' at a country theatre. Our company was small. We changed the pieces every night, and I need hardly tell you that there was not much time to trouble about how things were put on the stage. The property man, in fact took the responsibility of this and being industrious and sober, we had seldom anything to complain of. I attended one rehearsal in the morning, without scenery or appointments of any kind receiving the customary assurance that it would be all right at night. "Well, at night we got through the first act 'all right,' and on into the second, and

there was to occur the scene where I, as Lady Audley, was to yield to a sudden temptation and to push George Talboys down the well. The scene preceding the murder is an exciting one. I followed George on to the stage—he using bitter invective and I retorting on him. We grew more and more angry. He threatened, I became desperate, and then I formed the fierce determination to hurl him down the well. I beguiled him towards it nerved myself to the terrible task—prepared for the fatal spring which should end all between us, and discovered —“That in place of the well *there was a pump.*”

SPIRITUOUS AID.—Being in a chaotic state of nervousness, says Mr. Bassett Roe, the first time I played Romeo, I sent out for a flask of brandy to brace me up. Rushing to my room I had barely time to take a good gulp before going on for my last entrance. Horror! In my hurry I had taken up the wrong flask, and instead of brandy, had swallowed half a pint of white hard varnish, better known as spirit gum. How I got through the last scene I don't know. My teeth were coated with resin, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth in a literal sense. My anguish was very real indeed. The fair Juliet was non-plussed when she had to kiss my lips, and gave unusual emphasis to her line—“Haply some poison yet doth hang on them.”

AN EFFECTUAL EXPEDIENT.—A prominent actor was playing *Macbeth* in Australia, and when he came to the murder scene he asked in vain for the blood with which he had intended to imbrue his hands. After abusing the property man roundly for his neglect, the actor, struck with a happy thought, suddenly hit the functionary on the nose, so that a good supply of crimson fluid was obtained.

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.—On one occasion, when Kemble was playing *Hamlet* at a country theatre, the gentleman who acted Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. This is what took place in Act iii.: Ham. “Will you play upon this pipe? Guil. “My lord, I cannot.” Ham. “I pray you.” Guil. “Believe me, I cannot.” Ham. “I do beseech you.” Here, of course, Guildenstern should answer: “I know no touch of it, my lord;” instead of which he proceeded: “Well, if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can;” and to the confusion of the Prince, and the great amusement of the audience, he played “God save the King”!

THE THEATRE OF LIFE.

Life is a theatre, they say,
With low and lofty places;
And in the world, as at the play,
Are many rows of faces.
But when the comedy is o'er,
And Death rings down the curtain,
All pass out by the common door,
And this alone is certain.

HORACE LENNAED.

OF Mr. John L. Toole, the late Mr. E. D. Ward had a large number of anecdotes, and no wonder, considering the time he was in the celebrated comedian's company. I only remember him stumped once, said Mr. Ward. We were playing at Lancaster, and he took the company to the lakes to dinner. After the meal we were having coffee on the lawn, when a strange, military

gentleman came up and spoke to Mr. Toole. He spoke to him as though he had always known him; and afterwards the stranger said, "You know *My Dear Mamma*." In an instant the governor took him by the hand and replied, "Quite well. How is she?" He was rather taken aback when the strange gentleman said, "I sent it to Mr. Terry as you advised me; but I have not heard from him yet." It was a play he was talking about.

HERE is another item from Mr. Ward's repertoire:—"In *Married in Haste*, in which that prince of authors, Mr. H. J. Byron, also played. I shall never forget my first night in London. There was a call, and, to my surprise, Mr. Byron led me on—a kindness I shall always remember. We had a very jolly company, and Byron was the life and soul of it. One night the ladies were chaffing me about a pair of new trousers I had worn. I told them it was too bad in them to chaff my props, when Byron put up his inevitable eye-glass, and said, 'I am glad that you call them props, for they certainly are not legs.'"

CIBBER'S JEALOUSY OF GARRICK.—Though Colley Cibber left the stage some years before Garrick commenced acting, which might be supposed would have taken off all edge of rivalry, yet he took every occasion of sneering at his popularity. One night at White's, when a nobleman was speaking on the merits of Garrick, he suddenly turned about. "Pray, my lord, have you ever seen this young fellow in 'Fribble'?" "No, Mr. Cibber." "No, my lord! Why, then, see him by all means—he is the completest, prettiest little doll-figure for a Fribble you ever saw in your life." "Well, but, Mr. Cibber, has he not a great deal of merit in other characters?" No answer for some time. At last, as if breaking from a reverie, he exclaimed, "What an admirable Fribble! Such mincing, ambling, fidgeting! Well, faith, he must be something of a clever fellow, too, to write up to his *own character* so well as he has done in this part." At another time, lounging in the green-room, Fleetwood asked him whether they might hope ever to have another comedy from him, "From me?" says Cibber. "Who the deuce is to act in it?" "Why, sir, there's Garrick, Macklin, Pritchard, Clive, etc." "Oh, yes, I know your *dramatis personæ* very well; but, then, my dear fellow," says he, very deliberately taking his snuff, "after all this, where the deuce are your *actors*?"

SHORTLY after his first appearance in London, G. W. Anson was walking down the Strand, when he was overtaken by an Eminent Billsticker. "I say Anson," said the E. B. S., as he linked his arm through that of the actor, "you are a young man with your foot on the first step of the ladder of fame, and you wont mind an old man saying you cannot be too careful with whom you associate." "What's the matter now?" demanded Anson in surprise. "Why, the other day, I saw you walking along here with the pawnbroker," said the man of hoardings. "Well, what of that, he's better than you, anyhow," urged Anson. "Why?" demanded the other. "He has risen to diamonds, at any rate, and I'm blowed if you have ever got beyond paste," replied the low comedian, as he turned into Romano's to escape "the wrath to come."

H. J. BYRON was, like all writers, absent-minded. A new play was running through his head as he was walking one day along Pall Mall, when a friend stopped him and said, "I am in grief." "What is it?" asked Byron dreamily. "I lost my father last week," said the man. "Too bad, too bad," said Byron with an air of absent sympathy, "very sorry." Then he strolled on, and continued to think about his comedy. Three weeks later he happened

to be again in Pall Mall, when the same man came up to him and said, "More misfortune." "Eh," said Byron absently. "I have just lost my mother," said the man dolefully. "Dear me!" said the dramatist petulantly, "you lost your father only a little while ago. What an exceedingly careless man you are."

ONE of the unpublished dramatists on the staff has gone off into the country for a day or two—just at the busiest time, of course. He says he wants a rest. Our theory is that it's he that's wanted. He was boasting the other evening for an hour or so at Stratford-on-Avon about his plays. Said a local frequenter of the Falcon to him, at length: "You've been talking a main deal about your plays. Did you write *Much Ado About nothing*?"

IN THE STALLS AT THE AVENUE:—"Miss X looks jolly to-night." "She is to be married to-morrow." "What—at her age?" "Yes, and to please her husband she had three teeth put in yesterday." "Wisdom teeth then."

MR. HAMILTON CLARKE sends us the following amusing anecdote:—I was staying a few days on a visit on the Yorkshire coast, and one morning took a long stroll on the cliffs with a very genial man, whose acquaintance I had made a day or so previously, and who was a fellow guest of mine host and hostess. The conversation turned upon Sullivan's operas, and I mentioned several, asking how he liked them. He said his favourite was *The Sorcerer*, adding that a few years before he had heard it by a travelling company in a theatre (since burnt down) in a certain town not far off. "And, do you know," he said, "I never saw anything so singular as the conductor." "How so?" I asked. "Why," replied he, "just before the overture commenced a very old man tottered into the orchestra, and, to the surprise of everybody, took his seat at the desk." "What was his name?" "Ah! that I quite forget." "You saw this old man yourself?" "Oh, dear yes." "I was that old man." "Good heavens!" "Yes. I had that day got out of bed after a short but peculiarly sharp attack of neuralgia, and two of the ladies in the company had made me a black velvet skull-cap, and our tenor, dear old George Bentham, had lent me his fur overcoat, I wore both in the orchestra."

AFTER THE FIRE.—Scene: Manager's office, Grand Theatre, Islington. Manager Wilmot to Solicitor White: "We are going to illuminate the houses in the neighbourhood when we open the theatre to-night." Solicitor White: "So you did when you closed it."

DRAMATIC AUTHOR (whose piece is not exactly scoring a success): "I believe my play would go better if it had a better title. What do you think?" Assenting Friend: "Why not call it *Anti-Fat*?" "*Anti-Fat*! Why do you suggest that?" "Because it has reduced the audience so remarkably in such a short space of time." More bloodshed.

"Do you recollect Shakespeare's famous remark that 'all the world's a stage?'" "Yes." "Did you ever notice that it applies to chickens as well as to people?" "To chickens?" "Yes. They have their entrees and their egg sits, don't they?"

"WORKING FOR FAME."—George R. Sims and I. says Mr. H. Pettitt, were

superintending the rehearsals at a certain London Theatre. The nearest way to the stage was through the front of the house. One morning I asked the box-office keeper if Mr. Sims had passed through. "Mr. Sims? I don't know him, sir." "Mr. George R. Sims, the dramatic author and 'Dagonet' of the *Referee*." "Never heard of him in all my life." "Did you ever hear of Henry Pettitt?" "No, not that I remember." "How long have you been a box-office keeper?" "Eleven years." "Do you know who are the authors of the new piece?" "No, sir." "Thank you." And I went into rehearsal. The next morning I had occasion to book a couple of seats. "Oh!" said the box-office keeper, when he saw my face, "you are the gentleman who asked me yesterday if I knew the name of 'Pettitt.' Of course, I remember now, he is the man who got two years for horse-stealing in Essex."

AT LAST.—Marius claims to have discovered something new under the sun. He has in his possession the "pedescript" of a comedy written by an armless play-wright. I wonder whether he intends to have it played by a company of blind actors in a dark cellar?

OF all secure methods of packing the following must have been most effectual. The manager of a menagerie having died, his relatives were informed that his remains would be sent them on a specified day, accompanied by one of the keepers. In due time a large box arrived, but when it was opened it was found to contain nothing but the carcase of an enormous lion. The man accompanying the case was at once interrogated. "How is this?" asked an indignant relative. "We were told to expect the body of the manager, and instead this lion has arrived." "That's just it," said the man. "Him's the feller what ate up the manager. The manager's inside."

THE last thing a theatrical architect ought to give a theatre—A freeze.

JONES: "That's a pretty girl over there in that stage-box." Brown: "Yes. Really there's a lot of credit due to her." Jones: "Oh, you know her, then?" Brown: "Yes; she's a barmaid."

THE following, says Mr. M. Brodie is simply a quaint specimen of Scotch humour:—When in Dunedin (New Zealand) a few years ago, I came across an old aunt of my mother's who was very rich and equally religious. On making myself known to her the conversation ran thusly—Old Aunt, Rich and Religious: "So ye are the second son o' Mrs. Brodie?" M. B.: "I have that honour." O. A., R. and R.: "Umph—umph, and what are ye doin' here?" M. B.: "I am playing at the theatre." O. A., R. and R.: "At the what?" M. B.: "At the theatre." O. A., R. and R.: "Ye dinna mean that ye are on the stage?" M. B.: "Oh, yes I do." O. A., R. and R.: "Dear, dear! and does yer mither approve?" M. B.: "Well, she didn't at first, but she does now." O. A., R. and R. (very eagerly): "Oh, then, ye are gettin' on."—*Topical Times*.

TUNING FORK (unctiously): "Can you read music quickly, Miss Thumper?" Miss Thumper (readily): "Oh, yes! quite fast. I can play 'Half-hours with the Best Composers' in five minutes." But our Musical Chirper didn't ask to be favoured with a sample.

ETHEL : " Was that Algy I saw in your box at *Pink Dominos* last night ?" Mabel : " Yes, dear." Ethel : " And what did he say to you ?" Mabel : " He said I was as sweet as sugar." Ethel (*looking intently at Mabel's complexion*) " Ah, powdered sugar !"

SWOLLEN-HEADED VISITOR (to attendant at Amateur Theatricals) : " How much are the seats ?" " Half-a-crown, one shilling, and sixpence, sir." " Then I'll take one sixpenny seat, and please carry it to the front, and put it in an advantageous position."

HERE is something for the Ibsenites ! " The Pillers of Society " Holloway, Beecham, Blair, Cockle, Parr, and Ibsen.

First Coryphee : " What did you do to get your salary raised ?" Second Coryphee : " Kicked !"

" I WONDER," remarked a school-fellow, to Henry Irving Gubbins, who is of a dramatic as well as a sporting turn of mind, " I wonder why Adam has never been made the hero of a play or drama of some sort ?" " The reason why Adam has never been available for the hero of a play," replied Henry, " is simply because it is not possible to mix up his name with some married woman."

The play was bad, the players worse,
And told of the hisses and jeers ;
The electric light and the gas went out,
And the seats rose up on tiers.

A POST MORTEM SPEECH.—About a century ago all the best tragedies and comedies from Shakespeare downward were published by the proprietors of the *Theatrical Magazine*. One of these is entitled, " All for Love ; or, The World Well Lost. A Tragedy in Five Acts. Written by Mr. Dryde." Taken from the manager's book at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane." Now, whether Dryden's manuscript is responsible or not for the mistake pointed out below, we don't know, but the error is a very glaring one, unless the ancients had the power of speech after " shuffling off this mortal coil." In the fifth act, Marc Antony comes to the conclusion that Cleopatra is false, and he and Ventidius agree to die, the latter to kill Antony and then commit suicide. *Ventidius*. " I will not make a business of a trifle—and yet I cannot look on you and kill you. Pray turn your face. *Antony*. " I do : strike home—be sure." *Ventidius*. " Home, as my sword will reach." (*Kills himself.*) And yet, immediately after " killing himself," the following colloquy takes place between him and Antony :

Antony. O thou mistak'st !

That wound was none of thine ; give it me back.
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Ventidius. I do, indeed ;

But, think, 'tis the first time I e'er deceived you,
If that may plead my pardon, and you gods,
Forgive me, if you will, for I die perjured,
Rather than kill my friend. (*Dies.*)

After this tolerably long speech for a dead man, the defunct Roman really *does* die, and poor Antony is reduced to the necessity of making himself immortal.

COMICAL CLIMAX TO A TRAGEDY.—At a provincial theatre some years ago a popular actor was playing *Virginius*. He thus describes a comical scene that took place: "The performance was attended with the customary difficulties attending classical plays—chiefly from the fact that we don't go about in our bed clothes in these times, and occasional incursions into that form of costume are always disastrous. On this occasion, however, it was not a question of clothes. We had managed our primitive attire, but at the last moment it was found that there was no urn in the theatre in which I could bear on the stage the ashes of my lost *Virginia*. Several suggestions were made—a paraffin lamp. A fire-bucket. Lastly, and most satisfactorily, a teapot. A large white family teapot was forthcoming, and though it would have been desirable that it should have had two handles—since as it was it was more suggestive of the leaves than the ashes of my defunct child—a very little ingenuity sufficed to get over this. The name of *Virginia* was first put on, by the simple process of cutting the big letters out of the playbill, and then a drapery of black crape was so arranged that it quite altered the aspect of the familiar article, and, as the property-man said, made it look quite 'urny.' So it proved. The tragedy was gone through. The last act came. *Ililius* and the other sought out *Virginius*, bearing the urn among them. *Virginius* was duly abstracted, and the climax came when the urn was placed in his hands. 'Ha! what's this?' he exclaimed. 'GIN!' was the clear utterance of a voice from the gallery. It was too true. The folds about the teapot left visible only the middle syllable of the maiden's name, 'GIN,' and the curtain descended amidst roars of laughter."

A QUEER LODGER.—When the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company were making a provincial tour through Scotland they stayed at Kelso for a day or two. During their stay the *prima donna* lodged with a decent old lady, who had no ear for music, and could not understand her lodger. As she had a piano, however, and allowed her lodger to use it, there was no unpleasantness until on the afternoon of the day that the lady had to sustain a heavy part. On that day the singer sat at the piano, and practised her part without cessation, until the landlady interfered. "Ma guidness:" she exclaimed, as she entered the room without knocking, "I heard ye were queer folk, but didna think ye were sae bad as this. If ye will greet an' howl, ye may; but I'm positive ye'll no' pit oot yer spite on ma piano."

CALL boy (snap theatrical company): "Twenty-seven men at the stage-door, with bills, and three reporters, want to know if it's true the company is in financial straits." Manager: "Tell the bill-collectors that I haven't a cent. Tell the reporters that the rumour that we are short of cash is the work of envious rivals."

HE must have had a relative a marker, that Celt, in the gallery at the Royal, Dublin, who audibly observed, after *Othello's* back-fall, "*Begorra, there's a life off the black!*"

SOCIETY ACTRESS—"We I've tried, and failed." Sympathising Friend: "I'm so sorry. Were you well supported?" Society Actress—"Oh, no! That was why I went on the stage."—*Sporting Times*.

"It is very sad," said a Scotch actor—"it is very sad indeed to think on the number of the world's greatest men who have lately been called to their last account. And the fact is," added he, with unction, "I don't feel very well myself."

THE young melo-dramatist, telling the story of his new play to the manager, said: "As the two robbers crawl in at the window, the clock strikes one." "Ah," said the manager, "which one?"

THEATRE MANAGER (to departing spectator): "Beg pardon, sir, but there are two more acts." "Yes, I know it. That's why I'm going."

ANOTHER for the profession. Scene, Police Court. Counsel: "You are described as an actor?" Complainant: "I *am* an actor." Counsel: "Of what theatre?" Complainant: "Bobble's Theatre of Varieties." Counsel: "What is your line of business?" Complainant: "Slack wire and knife chuckin'!"

As he was understood to be a trifle fast it was thought he would be able to talk of literary matters, instead of keeping everybody else waiting while the butler was replenishing his glass at minute intervals. "Have you seen," asked the hostess, "*Mr. Barnes of New York!*" "Can't say exactly that I have," he replied, "but I have seen Miss Barnes, late of the Criterion, if that's anything like it." The conversation faded away.

"THE *Wife's Secret* at the St. James' Theatre. What *is* that, dear?" "Her real age, I should think," he growled. And the word "brute" was the very mildest expression heard in that room for ten minutes.

THIS is pretty tall in the way of advertising:—"A circus proprietor, at present doing one-day shows in the North, in reply to an offer, telegraphs that he would be willing to bring his show to Manchester and parade, but there really isn't room." Manchester will have to stand down after this.

THIS is what they say about one chorister. She was on her way to Manchester to attend the pantomime rehearsals. She travelled from London alone. Suddenly she jumped up and pulled the alarm cord. The train stopped, and the guard hastened to her. "What is the matter, marm? Are you ill?" "No, thanks, I'm all right," she smiled sweetly; "but I do, so hate travelling alone. I wish I had company."

"So you have got the boot, have you," asked one hungry mummer of another hungry mummer. "Boot, no! The manager said he was very sorry to see me leave." "What, had you got his watch?" They could neither of them fight, but they went for one another considerably.

WE have known only one man who was superior to the great Barney O'Bryant as a "kidder," and that was Shepherd, who was for so many years lessee of the Surrey Theatre. He had two actors in his company, whose names, we will say, were Cooper and Wood. Wood was a sort of general *factotum* as well as actor, and Cooper had been in the habit of playing comic business in pantomimes. At length he was put into utility parts, and got on so well with the public that he vowed he would not go back into comic business in pantomimes again. It was necessary, however, that Shepherd should have someone to do this work, and when the annual pantomime came

round he sent a message to Cooper desiring his attendance. "I know what it is," said Cooper; "it's for that pantomime business, but I won't, no I won't. I've been getting on well in utility parts, and I won't go back to pantomime business again." So he spoke to a friend, who, however, persuaded him to go and see Shepherd, and hear what he had to say. Wood was present. Mr. Shepherd: "Cooper, I've been talking over with Wood here about the pantomime——" Cooper: "No, sir, no, I won't. I've been getting on very——" Mr. Shepherd: "But, Cooper, you have not heard what I have to say; it's a beautiful part, isn't it, Wood?" Wood (a bit of a lickspittle): "Yes, sir; a beautiful part." Mr. Shepherd: "There, you hear that, Cooper; a beautiful part. There's a girl who has two sweethearts, a soldier——" Cooper: "No, sir, no, I want utility parts——" Mr. Shepherd (interrupting). "But we want an actor like you; it's a part such as you have never seen in a pantomime; there's a girl who has two sweethearts, a soldier and a sailor. The soldier——" Cooper (excitedly): "No, sir, I won't play it; I've got used to utility——" Mr. Shepherd: "But, Cooper, this is a part that even Widdicombe would not mind playing, would he, Wood?" Wood: "Yes, sir, it would just suit Mr. Widdicombe." Cooper: "Then let Widdicombe play it; I won't." Mr. Shepherd: "But it's a fine character, Cooper, and you ought to play it. There's the soldier and the sailor—why, Wood, it's a part you would like to play?" Wood: "Yes, sir, I should very much, indeed, like to play the part." Mr. Shepherd: "Then, Wood, by G—d you shall!" Total collapse of poor Wood, and triumph of the utility man, as in the comic business there is a good deal of knocking about.—*The Sporting Times*.

THERE is another good story of Shepherd. A young actor once went to him to ask for a rise of salary. Shepherd pretended not to know him, but the young man was not to be shaken off. "You must know me, sir; I play in the same scene with you. I am the Marquis de St. Evremonde, and I win twenty louis of you every night." "So you do, my boy, so you do," said Shepherd, brightening; "I am very glad you have come to me. You are improving very much, sir, and if you persevere you will become an ornament to the boards." "Thank you, sir," said the actor, beginning to fill out. "Good-bye, my boy, good-bye," said Shepherd, holding out his hand to end the interview. "But what about the rise of salary?" asked the actor. "Ah! yes," rejoined the lessee. "Yes—a rise in salary. Let me see. You win twenty louis of me every night—in future you shall win forty." And that was all the rise the poor actor got.

"How did you like the comedy?" "Not up to the mark, perhaps, but the author is improving." "In what way?" "Formerly the audience went to sleep during the first act, and now almost all wait for the second."

VERY REALISTIC.—Hampton: "They had the most realistic death scene at the theatre last night that I ever witnessed." Cason: "That so?" Hampton: "Yes. You know in the third act the man who plays the part of the villain is supposed to be killed by the mob." Cason: "Yes." Hampton: "Well, last night the audience took the part of the mob."

BIG hats can never be "all the rage" at the theatre. Fellows who don't wear 'em will always hold a big percentage of the rage.

BEHIND THE SCENES.—Sometimes a “gagging” member is useful, as the following episode will prove. The club were advertised to give a performance of one of the old-fashioned melodramas, and all went well until the curtain was about to be raised, when some one discovered that the hero had not appeared. What was to be done nobody could suggest until the “gagging” member offered to “gag” the part, that is to say, he glanced through the book to get an idea of the plot, then went on the stage inventing speeches as the piece progressed, which he did so well that few of the audience knew of the disadvantage he was under. Sometimes there have been some peculiar mistakes made in the delivery of certain speeches. For instance, I remember on one occasion a gentleman playing the part of a sailor hero. He was relating an adventure he had passed through on the previous evening, showing how he had rescued the heroine from several ruffians, and in describing a most terrible thunderstorm, he should have said, “Not a sound to be heard but the great guns of the air,” but not knowing his part thoroughly, and, I am sorry to say, having been sampling intoxicating liquors rather freely, he became muddled, and said, “Not a sound could be heard but an occasional flash of lightning,” which mistake caused the audience to become convulsed with laughter.

NOT DOWN ON THE BILLS.—Many years ago, says a well-known author, I heard that a manager was playing an old piece of mine called “The Sole Survivor,” which was being continually acted without my receiving any remuneration. With a friend I took the train and arrived at the theatre, stopping at an adjacent bar for some refreshment. In rushed an individual with that seedy appearance which somehow is peculiar to the country prompter, and accosted my friend and myself with: “Would you like to go on the stage?” “Go on? what for?” queried I. “Why,” said he, “there is a trial scene in the play, and the jury is short, and if you gentlemen would like to go on, now’s your chance.” Two or three others in the room accompanied us, and we were soon in the jury-box. The next instant the manager, who played the principal part, was too busy to pay any attention to the jury, and soon the curtain was rung up. Toward the end of the act he had to make a frantic appeal to the jury, and in the midst of an appeal to their sense of truth and honor his eyes caught my face, and he saw that he was found out in his piracy. His concluding appeal for mercy was more real than simulated.

BAD EITHER WAY.—Father, to stage-struck son—“You really want to disgrace my name by going on the boards?” Son: “My dear father, I shall act under an assumed name.” Father: “Exactly so; and, if you make a hit, no one will know that I am your father!”

DRAMATIC CRITICISM ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—We take the following from an old magazine:—“MRS. SIDDONS.”—To the Editor of the *Mirror*.—Sir,—I have read with inexpressible satisfaction the character of the lady above-mentioned, written by that eminent scholar and critic, Mr. Lofft, and inserted in your last number. The compliment is worthy both of the actress and writer. The enclosed is rather of a different complexion; but, notwithstanding the air of burlesque which pervades it, it was written in a merry mood by a zealous, and, indeed, enthusiastic *admirer* of Mrs. Siddons, on her first appearance in Dublin. It highly entertained a private circle at the time and if you think it worthy a corner in your agreeable miscellany, it is very much at your service.—Yours, &c., L. ST. C——. Cumberland Street.” “Yesterday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed

her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person for the first time in the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel, but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy in beholding an earthly goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, who went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this star of Melpomene, this comet of the stage, this sun of the firmament of the muses, this moon of blank verse, this queen and princess of tears, this Donellan of the poisoned bowl, this Empress Rusty Fusty of the pistol and dagger, this chaos of Shakespeare, this world of weeping clouds, this Juno of commanding aspect, this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes, this Proserpine of fire and earthquake, this Katterfelto of wonders, exceeded expectations, went beyond belief, and soared above all the powers of description; she was nature itself; she was the most exquisite work of art; she was the very daisy, primrose, tub rose, wallflower, and the cauliflower, too, auricula, sweetbriar, furzeblossom, gilliflower, and rosemary; in short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus. Where expectations were raised so high, it was thought that she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured. Several fainted even before the curtain drew up; but when she came to the scene of parting with her wedding ring, oh, what a sight was there! The very fiddlers in the orchestra, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' blubbered like hungry children for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music, between the acts, the tears ran in such plentiful streams from the bassoon player's eyes that they choked the finger stops, and making a spout of the instrument, poured such a torrent on the first fiddler's book, that not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played it in one flat; but the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of the corks drawn from the smelling bottles, prevented the mistake between the sharps and flats being perceived. One hundred and nine ladies fainted, forty-six went into fits, ninety-five had strong hysterics. The world will scarce credit the assertion, when they are told that fourteen children, five old women, a one-handed sailor, and six common council men were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, lattices, and boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit. The water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches were in that situation up to their ankles in tears. An Act of Parliament against her acting any more will certainly pass, for she has infected all the volunteers, and they sit reading the *Fatal Marriage*, crying and roaring the whole morning, in hopes of seeing this Giant's Causeway, this Salmon-leap of wonders, at night. Nature, sure, in one of her bountiful moments, in one of her humane leisure hours, in one of her smiling days, in one of her weeping months, and in one of her all-sorrowing gladsome years, made this human lump of clayey perfection. Oh, happy Hibernia! blessed island, sanctified land of saints: what a hearse-load, what a cart-load of the brightest excellence of excellencies stand on the turf of thy fruitful earth. From Cork, from Killarney, from Galway, from Banilasloe from Evercourt, from the east, from the west, from the north, and from the south, from Island Bridge, from Lazars Hill, from the Canal to the New Road at the back of Domcondra, shall millions come to Smock Alley to see this woman! The streets round the theatre shall be crowded, and the very Gabbards that carry coals to Island Bridge shall stop at Essex Quay, and learn their unpolished watermen to spend thirteen pence for a seat in the upper gallery when Isabella is performed. Oh, thou universal genius! what pity it is that thy talents are so confined to tragedy alone! No age, nay the Roman theatre, the stage of Constantinople, Nero himself never performed the scene

of madness, of grief, of joy, of woe, of distress, and of pity, so well as Mrs. Siddons. May the curses of an insulted nation pursue the gentlemen of the college, the gentlemen of the bar, and the peers and peeresses, whose wisdom and discernment have been so highly extolled, that hissed her on the second night. True it is, Mr. Garrick could never make anything at all of her, and pronounced her below mediocrity. True it is the London audience once did not like her; but what of that! Rise, thou bright goddess of the sock and buskin, and soar to unknown regions of immortal praise, for 'Envy will Merit as its shade pursue.'"

THE band at Tatt's Meeting on Thursday struck up "God save the Queen" as Victoria's deputy representative appeared on the scene. "Thought I'd heard it before; its from the *Gondoliers*," said Mick Dooley. Mick's got a down on music.

Mrs. Early Bird—"I think Violet's voice ought to be cultivated abroad, Alphonse dear." "Anywhere would suit me except at home, and the farther away the better," replied the Early one.

MUSEUM Manager: "But I don't see anything remarkable about you. What's your speciality?" Applicant: "I am a giant." Museum Manager: "Gi—nothing! You ain't 6ft. tall!" Applicant: "I know it. You might exhibit me as the smallest giant in the world."

MR. HEAVYHEAD, the tragedian, meets Mr. Waggles the low comedian, in King-street, and the following dialogue takes place:—Heavyhead: "Good morning, Waggles." Waggles: "Mornin' old blood and thunder." Heavyhead: "By-the-by, Waggles, I was passing by the Opera House last night and was astonished to see it brilliantly illuminated; do you happen to know what was on there?" Waggles: "Why ofcourse I do." Heavyhead: "What was it then?" Waggles: "Why, the gas of course, Ha! Ha!! Ha!!! Had you there old boy." Heavyhead scowls melodramatically, strikes an attitude supposed to be expressive of the most withering scorn, and strides off with the air of an offended stage king, whilst Waggles, after flapping the fly off the bald spot on the top of his head with the tip of his left ear, corrugates his comic countenance into one vast expansive grin, winks with both eyes, shakes hands with himself, and then dodges into the side-door of the nearest pub and finally quenches his merriment in a long beer.

At the celebration of the hundredth night of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum Theatre, a supper was given to Mr. Irving, at which many of the lights of the dramatic and literary world were present. After several speeches had been made by different celebrities assembled, all of whom commented at some length on the great talents of their guest, and the unparalleled run of a hundred nights which he had achieved for *Hamlet*, Compton's health was drank as he proceeded to reply. Commencing with many similar and complimentary remarks with regard to Irving, and the long run of *Hamlet*, he concluded by assuring them "of the pride he felt in thus celebrating the hundred and fiftieth night—" "No, Compton," a friend interrupted, "the hundredth night." A look of great surprise was the only acknowledgement of this correction, and he continued: "The hundred and fiftieth night—" "No, no, Compton!" again put in this good natured friend, "the hundredth night." This time no notice was taken of the interruption, and the speech finished thus: "The pride he felt in thus celebrating the hundred and fiftieth night of

the *Fish out of Water*." This fine old farce was played fifty nights prior to the production of *Hamlet*, when it still remained on the bill, and it will at once be seen this was a great "sell." He went on in the same strain for a bit, saying *Hamlet* served very well as an after piece, when the principal dish of the evening had been discussed, &c., and he sat down amidst the heartiest laughter that had been heard that evening.

A PROMINENT actress who was very ill was asked by a friend if there was anything she wished done for her. The actress turned her head wearily on the pillow and said faintly: "Please have engraved on my tombstone: 'Buried under the management of J. and J. Macpherson.'"

ONE of the "dime" museums of Chicago exhibits a snake's skin bearing this legend:—"Skin of the serpent that tempted Eve in the Garden of Paradise. It was killed by Adam the following day after the treason. Adam hit it with a club, of which traces are still left. This skin was part of the inheritance of Adam, and was preserved in his family in Asia. The genuineness is attested by the doctors of divinity whose seals are attached."

AN Irish comedian has been fined for assaulting a lime-light man, because "the lime hissed during the piece." That calcium was a good critic.

BILLY EMERSON had never seen an organ and monkey when he went to London. They are not known in "Murraker." Seeing a man playing in a thing covered with a bit of green baize, he thought it was some kind of gambling game and put down a dollar on the right-hand corner. The monkey picked it up, jabbered, and looked as solid as a gob of mud. "Billy" put other coins in different parts of the baize with the same result, and a crowd collected. At last he sings out, "What in h—ll sort of a game is this? Does a man *never* pick up a bet?"

THE only public caterer we ever knew who could give William Holland weight was the late E. T. Smith. On one occasion he was very desirous of obtaining a music licence for one of his ventures, but for a great length of time was unsuccessful. In order to propitiate the magistrates, he gave up his large room for the purpose of holding a series of prayer meetings, which were to be presided over by the Bishop. The first prayer meeting passed off well until the Bishop proposed to conclude by all joining in the Doxology. E. T. Smith, in an excited state, but apologetically, said that he could not permit it; his general licence covered praying, but not singing, and if they sang he would be liable to a heavy penalty. The idea of a Bishop in a Christian country not being permitted to sing the Doxology was horrifying, and that congregation, with one accord, signed Smith's petition for a music licence, which he readily got.

A musical correspondent wants to know "how to deaden the sound of a piano." One of the best ways we know is to remove the player.

ONCE, when at Lucerne, in Switzerland, Mr. Toole gave full play to his habit of practical joking. The fun was to take the steamer down the lake, and agitate the passengers with this sudden announcement: "Cook's coupons this way; glass of sherry and a sandwich free of charge." There was a wild

rush of excited tourists, who found nothing but a man deeply intent on the scenery with a field-glass. Presently from the other end of the boat was heard a still more enticing invitation: "Gaze's tourists, this way; glass of champagne and a sandwich free of charge." Another wild rush, and another discovery of a little man deep in contemplation of the surrounding beauties. The oddest part of the story is that very few people seem to have recognised the joker.

TOMMY's mother was an invalid; and so his auntie looked after his religious instruction, and let no occasion pass to enforce some precept. One day Tommy suddenly said, "Oh dear, I wish I had wings!" This angelic aspiration was regarded with great joy by the two sisters; and they eagerly asked why he wished for wings. "Oh," said Tommy, "I'd fly up into the air, and take Aunt Susan with me, and when I couldn't go any higher——" "Yes, dear; what then?" asked the proud mother, with a significant glance at her sister. "Then I'd let her drop." He is now a flyman.

ONE FOR HIM.—Macready was playing Macbeth, and at the last minute a super was sent on for the first murderer. "There's blood upon thy face!" thundered the tragedian. "Is there? I'm very sorry, sir, some one must have been having a lark with me."

"My dear," said Miss Gloriana de Courci to her bosom friend, Miss Diana Montgomery, "I am going to play Juliet for the Limelight amateurs. I do wish you'd lend me that lovely tight-fitting gown of yours." "With pleasure," replied Miss Diana, sweetly. "The only thing is, I am afraid you will never get it on." Gloriana looked daggers, but for the nonce spake none. She wanted to borrow that robe, you see. But she meditated revenge, and she had it. When the show was over, she calmly proceeded, before returning the dress to her friend, to "take in a considerable tuck," or whatever it is called, in the waist of it. Then she sent it back, and the next day she posted a nice innocent-looking note: "Oh, my dear," it ran, "I am so sorry I forgot to take out that tuck in the *waist* of your too delicious robe, for the loan of which many thanks. I wouldn't have had you know for *the world* that it was *too large* for me." Diana can't make it out to this day, for she *knows* she's a good inch less round than "that horrid Gloriana," whose simple trick has practically been the death blow of their ancient friendship.

STAGE slang is a thing of art, just as Turf slang is. Everyone knows what "the ghost walking" means, and there are a dozen and more phrases peculiar to "the" profession in England. In France the same thing exists among the "cabotins," which word corresponds exactly with the English "mummers"; and a short glossary of French green-room slang is being compiled, of which the following is the first instalment:—"Recevoir un merceau de sucre"—To be applauded on coming on; "Manger du cotelette"—To make a hit, to have a brilliant success. "Planter un acte"—To put in rehearsal; "Rue"—The space between the wings; Soigner une piece, or Soigner un acteur, is a phrase addressed to the claque when any musical exertion on their part is required. "Tirer la ficelle"—To sing out of tune. "Mettre en Vedette"—To star an actor's name on the bill; to print it in larger type than that of the rest of the company; "Marier Justine"—To cut down the dialogue at rehearsal; just as we say in England "Make haste and marry the girl." That is, get quickly to the denouement. "Jouer devant les banquettes"—To play to empty benches; "La Banque"—The com-

pany ; "Panne"—A thankless part ; "Cascade"—Comic business, invented by the actor ; "Faire de la taile"—To gag, or, more literally, to forget your lines and make up something till the prompter comes to your aid ; "Appeler Azor"—To be hissed ; "Boire du lait"—To gain applause ; "Avoir des Cotelettes"—To get all the fat ; "Taffetas"—Stage fright ; "Battre le job"—To stick dead ; to dry up from fright or forgetfulness ; "Toc"—Execrable or wooden acting ; "Un enfante de la balle"—A child born of an actor and actress, and brought up as it were on the boards ; "Combien refile-t-on de lozange pour allumer la boulevatade?—What is the price of admission to the show ? "Jouer les mains dans ses poches"—To walk through a part ; "Jouer au pied leve"—To take a part at a moment's notice ; "Jeu de scene"—Stage business ; "Tartine"—A long speech.

He was a cornet player, and had been playing at a garden party near Slough. He had also refreshed himself not wisely but too well after his exertions, and as he had to cross several fields to get to the station, and as the way to the station was by no means so clear to him as it had been in the morning, he sat himself, cornet in hand, upon a convenient stile to rest. In the field behind him was a bull which uplifted its voice to greet the stranger. "'Kuse me old 'fler, but you haven't got the note quite right," said the cornet tooter, and produced an A flat on his instrument. The bull responded by another bellow. "Thatsh a little better, but not qui' right yet," and he gave him another more prolonged A flat. Taurus recognising an answering note, and seeing presented to him that part of the stranger which guardsmen consider an admirable sheath for a bayonet, lifted him into the next field. The cornet player turned himself gravely round, and eyeing the bull more in sorrow than in anger, remarked, "You may be exceedingly strong, but I'm d——d if you are a musician."

How these actresses love one another ! "You say you've played with Clarentia Clerkenwell. Is she uglier than her sister, Clementia ?" "Well, I suppose she is. She's about two inches taller, so there's more of her to be ugly."

JOE CAPP has always been of opinion that one of Shakespeare's plays was undoubtedly written by Bacon.—*Hamlet*.

SAVE US FROM BACON !

My dear *D. T.* your latest hit

Doth put us in a passion all ;

"Were Billy's plays by Bacon writ ?"

Pshaw ! The idea's ir-rasher-nal.

GUB.

"DIDN'T you once play in *Mashed at Morn* and *Married at Midnight* ?" asked Corney the Comic of the Juvenile. "Oh, yes, but it's years ago now." "It was a frost, wasn't it ?" "Frost ! That doesn't half express it ! Why, after the curtain fell on the first act, you might have *skated* on the stage !"

WHAT an infliction is the *enfant terrible*. At the entrance to the Prince of Wales' the other day, a materfamilias, surrounded by her somewhat under-sized brood, was contemplating the price list for the matinee. "Half-price for children down to there," said an attendant, politely indicating a line on

the bill. "I'm over twelve, ma, remember!" forthwith came from two small throats simultaneously, and materfamilias, bubbling with revengeful irritation, booked for seats in an upper region, where were neither half-price nor room for those naughty boys to kick one another.

* * *

"I don't require much 'make up,'" said one dear little actress to another in their dressing-room. "I find a single box of powder lasts me a good six months." "No wonder," replied her friend, who can't bear conceit or meanness in anybody, don't you know, "considering you're always so free with other people's." "And to think I'd only borrowed from her nasty stuff once, my dear!" said number one afterwards.

* * *

"I say, Fog, what's 'Nuda Veritas'?" Fog of F.O. : "Oh! I don't know. Some new actress I suppose."

* * *

HE had been reading *The Gladiators* before he met her at the Roman's; and she was a simple chorister. "What a dreadful thing that fall of Rome was!" he remarked, as he was helping her to *croute au pot*. "I haven't read it dear," she replied. "I never see a paper above once a week."

* * *

THEY had not met since they were in the chorus at the Novelty. "Dear Lizzie, I'm so glad to see you!" "So I am to meet you." "Are you married?" "Yes; are you?" "Yes; any children?" "Two; and you?" "None; our house is too small."

* * *

HE had quitted the fried fish shop of his infancy, and taken to the profession. Playing Steerforth in *Little Emily*, at the place of his birth, he came to the line :—"What would my haughty mother say? If I, &c." And it upset him rather more than a little when a voice from the gallery answered :—"She wont mind—she's gone off wi' old Snuffles!"

* * *

FIRST Actress : "Did you ever have an attack of stage-fright?" Second Actress : "Yes, once—when I thought my saw-dust was leaking."

* * *

"WHAT has Kean done for you?" repeated John Ryder to an actor who had been complaining he never got a chance. "Why, he is very kind to you." "Oh! is he?" responded the blighted one. "He never gives me any good parts." "Ah!" answered Mr. Ryder, "that's where the kindness comes in; he never gives you any good parts, because he doesn't wish to see you make a fool of yourself."

* * *

SHE was mad on the subject of music, and lived in a flat near the Edgware Road. A gentleman knocked at her door and asked : "Does Mr. Smith live here?" "No, sir; his room is an octave higher—in the next flat," she replied, in a *piannissimo andante* tone of voice.

* * *

HOW TO JUDGE CLASSICAL MUSIC.—There is a very simple method by

which even the greatest ignoramus may ascertain whether a piece of music is good, bad, or indifferent. It is as follows : If the music goes "one, two, three, tum, tum, tum," you may depend upon it that you are listening to unmitigated rubbish. But when you hear music which sounds as though a number of well-arranged notes were stuck into a barrel and energetically stirred about like a sort of harmonious oatmeal porridge, then you may assume that it is a fugue, and at once compose your features into an expression of profound interest. If, on listening to the music, you fancy the notes are dropping accidentally on the floor, and from time to time asserting themselves again in a quiet, dreamy sort of way, then the piece is probably a nocturne, and nocturnes, as you are aware, are very high-class music indeed. When the notes seem to arrive in truck loads, and each truck contains, so to speak, a different sort from the one that has gone before, and when the train appears to take an unreasonable amount of time in passing a given point, then the masterpiece is most likely a symphony, and symphonies are the greatest musical creations hitherto produced. When it appears as though the notes had been tumbled down helter skelter, then vigorously shoveled up into a heap and lastly blown into the air with dynamite cartridges, that is a rhapsody, and rhapsodies are the latest variety of music out.

* * *

HE was a mummer of the deepest dye, and a barn-stormer of the severest school, and the conversation had turned upon Henry Irving and the modern school of acting. "I have no wish to depreciate the merits of Mr. Irving," he exclaimed, grandiloquently, after his classic features had been temporarily obscured by a pewter pot, "but I have been told on more than one occasion that my execution of Hamlet is most complete." "Well, from what I saw of it," said the irreverent low-comedy monger, "I don't believe that even Marwood could have made a better job of it."

* * *

AT a certain theatre at Birmingham, there are only two rows of stalls. It has been found unprofitable in that democratic town to lessen the privileges of the pitites. "Lor' bless you, sir," said the attendant to our commissioner, "it wouldn't do here, why as it is the pit climbs over and helps itself."

* * *

"GENTLEMEN," said a "wandering minstrel," walking into the commercial room of the George, with a violin under his arm, "may I have the honour of giving you a little music?" "No," said the commercials; "we are very busy." "Oh, don't say that. Shall I sing you a song? I can accompany myself on the fiddle." "No, *no*. We are transacting some business, I tell you," said one of them. "How would you like a little recitation, then?" said the persevering fiddler. "I can recite from Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson, or any of the poets. Say, shall I give you the 'ghost scene' from Hamlet?" "Make yourself scarce at once, sir, or I will send for the landlord," said the now enraged commercial. The fiddler at this looked discouraged, and left the room, but almost immediately returned and stood in the doorway. Placing one hand in his pocket, he said: "Would you like to see the devil gentlemen?" The commercials, astonished at this question, laughed, and said: "Well, we don't mind seeing *that*." "Then," said the musician, preparing to bolt, "*go and find him, all the lot of you.*"

* * *

TOO MUCH.—Charles Kean was playing in the "Gamester" and one of

the ballet-girls was crying bitterly in the wing. "What is the matter, my dear, ?" inquired the manager's wife. "Oh!" sobbed the girl, "Mr. Keen's acting." "There, there, don't cry," said Mrs. Kean, and the next day the girl had a present, and a small part to play. A few evenings later another ballet-girl was found weeping, but on this occasion "Much Ado About Nothing" was the play, and Mr. Kean was playing Benedick, and trying to be funny. Poor girl! she meant well.

THE French dramatists turn everything to account. At the period when the diseased potatoes occasioned so much distress among the lower orders in Ireland, a *comic piece* was produced in Paris under the title of *Les Pommes de terre Malades!*

BEDFORD AND WRIGHT.—There has been some talk lately says Mr. Joseph Hatton in his entertaining Cigarette Papers in *The People*, about the "business" of the grave diggers scene in "Hamlet." The realism, so called, of the present mode has been contrasted with the exaggerations of the past. It was customary, you know, for the first gravedigger to strip himself of many coats and vests before he got down to work in his shirt-sleeves. This always excited the laughter of the house, however much it may have made the judicious grieve. "Well," said Toole the other evening, when in a story-telling mood, "Stuart, Wright, and Bedford used to go on tour in the summer months, Stuart now and then playing Hamlet, with Wright and Bedford as the two grave diggers. One night, having stripped himself of many varied waistcoats, Wright found that the laughter went on while he was in the grave and at work—grew more boisterous the less cause there was for it, as he thought; so he looked up, and found that Bedford was putting on all the waistcoats he had taken off. "Well, you know," added Toole, in his sympathetic way, "the second grave digger is a very small part!"

THIS is how the late E. T. Smith advertised one of the greatest attractions he ever submitted to the public: MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKIN, whose Graceful and Classic Beauty, transcendent histrionic power, and heroic Amazonian courage form the Delphic tripod from which the inspiration of her genius throws a new spell even on Byron's *Mazeppa*, and who delights and charms the old world as she has astonished and enthralled the new, appears in her great impersonation of MAZEPPA EVERY NIGHT AT ASTLEY'S." Who shall say the art of advertising is a new one.

A PAT ON THE BACK.—Fred Hughes said that while Miss Helen Faucit was playing in Edinburgh the conversation in the green-room turned upon the decline of the drama. "Ah!" remarked the star, with a sigh, "there are no actors or actresses nowadays; but, poor things, they do their best."

It was during a rehearsal of the pantomime at Covent Garden, and the Talepitcher was watching the efforts of his latest mash, who had been intrusted with an important speaking part of three words. Her cue came, but the words failed her, "more study" being necessary. Speaking to Ananias afterwards, said she: "Did you see my break down?" "Yes," replied the scourge of the race-course, in his usually absent-minded manner, "you were

going well and strong ; about third on the rails." And she is no longer his ownest.

AT THE THEATRE.—Charlie (*log.*) :—" Oh ! look at the powder on your coat sleeve." Mother (*log.*) :—" Yes, it is his coat of arms."

THUNDER.—A day or two after a severe thunder storm, "Two with you" went into a nice quiet place and called for a glass of bitter. The landlord brought it, but it was flat, stale, and unprofitable—except as far as the landlord was concerned—and T. W. Y. complained. "Can't help it," said the landlord, "it's the thunder—thunder allays turns everything bad, don't you know." The 2d.-er accepted the explanation, mopped up the beer, and put down a shilling to pay for it. "Hallo ! this won't do, yer know," said the landlord, trying the coin with his teeth ; "it's a bad 'un, this is—a reg'lar duffer !" "Eh ?" said 2d., innocently, "bad, is it ? Well, of course, it's the thunder—thunder turns everything bad, don't you know."

TO BE PITIED.—"Mournful sight, Byron," said a friend to the dramatist as a drunken fellow staggered past, "Yes," was the reply, "more'n full indeed, couldn't hold another drop."

EH ? If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where are the audience and orchestra to come from, not to speak of stage door-keepers and the limelight, gas, and thunder and lightning fakers ?

SHE had risen several times to let the Old 'Un pass out between the acts. "I am very sorry to disturb you, madam," he remarked, apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time. "Don't mention it," she replied, pleasantly ; "I am happy to oblige you ; my husband keeps the bar."

If I were but my lady's hat,
My joy would be intense,
For every time she saw a play
I'd simply feel immense.

COMEDIAN : "I've bad news for you, old man ; our leading lady, your wife, has eloped with the bill-poster." Manager : "Horrible ! How are we ever to get that next town billed ?"

FLOSSIE : "Didn't Bernhardt bring the tears to your eyes ?" Lottie : "Yes, but I didn't let them drop. George said 7s 6d was all we could afford to shed on Bernhardt in one evening."

"I HEAR young Sooler has been acting at your theatre." "Yes, he has," replied the man addressed, with meaning. "How did he act ?" "About as bad as a man could act." "You don't say so ! What part did he take ?" "Well, you see, he was acting as treasurer for the company and when he left suddenly he took the larger part of a week's receipts."

SOMETHING LIKE A DEAD-HEAD. The proprietor of a country hotel where Howard Paul was stopping asked him for an order, and Mr. Paul asked for a sheet of notepaper to write it. He opened his eyes next day when he found the paper put down in the bill.

* * *

A COUPLE of wideawake street urchins stood outside the Gaiety stage-door the other night, and gazed in admiration at the fair ones going in. At last Bill got tired. "J'yer, come on, Alf, I'm off." "Go on, then. I'm a-goin' to wait. Don't yer know this is the stage-door? The actresses 'll be drivin' up in their brow'ems presently." "Brow'ems be——! *They ain't the actresses, they're the hextrys—the actresses rides in busses.*"

* * *

A WORN-OUT parent named his first baby "Macbeth," because he *murdered sleep*.

* * *

HE had been to the Circus, and he danced into Romano's and commenced narrating the marvellous feats performed by Cinquevalli. "Among other things," he said, "this Italian juggler takes a tub——" "That's more than you do," put in the sympathetic voice of the Grumbler. And for about five minutes the bar was lively.

* * *

COLLEY Cibber's son one day begged his father to give him one hundred pounds. "It is very strange," said Colley, "that you can't live upon your salary. When I was your age I never spent any of my father's money." "Perhaps not," answered the son, "but I am sure you have spent many hundred pounds of *my father's money*."

* * *

FOOTE told Garrick he had a light guinea, which he could not pass. Garrick advised him to fling it to the devil. "Well, David," said Foote, "you are ever contriving to make a guinea go *farther* than any other man."

* * *

POWERS, the Irish comedian, as he was about to sail for Europe, declined an invitation to the annual dinner to the Hibernia Society, saying: "Gentlemen, it would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation, but I expect to be at that time, where you will be yourselves, *half seas over*."

* * *

FOR a long time a certain actor had been astonishing his acquaintances by always signing after his name the following letters—D.P.L.G.O.C.V. Those who didn't know him well opined he had been spending his money on the purchase of some American or German degree, but his intimates, being well aware he would waste his coin on no such nonsense so long as anything drinkable remained unbid for, were greatly exercised in their minds. At last they insisted on an explanation. "Simple enough," said the actor, "Don't see why I shouldn't have some letters after my name, same as other fellows, and I am a Daily Passenger by London General Omnibus Company's Vehicles, am I not?"

* * *

THE *Rotten Oak and Mistletoe Gazette* did not have a notice of the tableaux, oh dear no! The fact is, the critic of that world-renowned journal

went round, as provincial critics do, behind the scenes, where he passed an opinion, among other matters, on the costumes. "Really very good get-up, this of yours," quoth he to a naval officer in full uniform. "Looks awfully well from the front, though of course (and here he examined the suit carefully) it wont bear close inspection. It was simply the naval officer's own and real naval uniform, that was all. But they shouldn't have mentioned it, for the mistake upset the critic very much indeed, and critics have their feelings, you know, same as other folks.

* * *

PROMINENT, NEVERTHELESS.—Rose—"Didn't you say Miss Van Lee-Board's voice was a noticeable feature of last night's opera? I never knew she was singing in opera." Lillian—"She's not. She was one of a box party."

* * *

A LONG WAIT.—Dashaway—"An amateur performance I attended the other evening was delayed an hour because one of the leading actors was ill. They got a fellow from the audience to take his place." Cleverton—"I don't see why getting a fellow from the audience delayed them an hour." Dashaway—"They had to wait for one to come in."

* * *

"DAD, what's the legitimate drama?" "Why, the drama that is not natural, my boy."

* * *

"We went down to Richmond last Sunday," said the burlesque actress, "and had such a good time." "Where did you dine?" "Why at the 'Stag and Mantle' of course." Then they tumbled over one another in their anxiety to flee from a very charming woman who might be expected to assert the next moment that she supped at the sign of "Thresher and Glenney," or always had her tailor-made dresses from Terry's.

* * *

A PERSON handed Foote an original comedy for his personal opinion. Foote returned it, saying: "Depend upon it, sir, this is a thing not to be *laughed at*."

* * *

AN actor named Priest was playing at a theatre in London. Some one told Bentley that there was a great many people in the pit. "Probably," said he; "clerks who have taken Priest's orders."

* * *

HE was a very popular actor indeed, and he came to Sir Walter and said: "News, my noble critic, news! I'm going to open the Oddity Theatre in April." "Exactly," responded Sir W., "and the Sheriff of Middlesex will close it for you in May."

* * *

CHARLES MATTHEWS, the comedian, being asked what he was going to do with his son, said he intended to make an architect of him; he could then *draw houses* like his father.

* * *

COLMAN being asked if he knew Theo. Hook, said: "*Hook and I* (eye) are old associates."

A clergyman receiving but a small income resigned his church, saying "I must give up my living to save my life."

"I SEE there are some marionettes coming over from Italy," said a dramatist; "and, from what I hear, they are likely to make a big hit." "Yes," responded his friend; "you see they're a good crowd to have. A manager don't have to pay salaries to wooden actors, anyhow." "Don't he?" queried the playmonger, with a world of meaning in his tone. "I don't know so much about that." And then it dawned on the rhyme-slinger that while a volume of poems could speak for itself, a tragedy in ten acts requires spokesmen to give it a chance, and that perhaps he was more fortunate than his friend.

THEY were swaggering to one another, and the forty-year old actress, who didn't feel quite certain of her dates, and was shaky on chronology, generally, except as regards the fact that she herself was still in her *premiere jeunesse*, remarked—"You know, talent is inherent in our family. My grandfather was married to the most celebrated actress of the day." "Was it Nell Gwynne?" asked her rival. "You have guessed it," she artlessly replied. And then they went outside to celebrate centenaries.

It was formerly the custom in Scotch theatres to announce the play of the succeeding evening. One Saturday night, at Dundee, a manager stepped forward and called out: "To-morrow night—" "The morrow's Sabbath," shouted an urchin from the gallery. "I know it," said the ready-witted manager. "To-morrow night a sermon will be preached in Ward Chapel, when a collection will be taken up for the conversion of the Jews. On Monday night will be performed here, with new scenery, Shylock, the Jew, whom Shakespeare drew. Prices as usual."

"How are you this morning?" said Fawcet to Cook. "Not at all myself," replied the tragedian. "Then, I congratulate you," said Fawcet, "for be whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain."

A RETIRED actor named a favourite hen, "Macduff," because he wanted her to *lay on*.

LORD DUNDREARY expressed himself favourable to marriage with a deceased wife's sister on this ground—"It is economical, because he has only one mother-in-law."

I HAVE an awful recollection, says Sir Walter, of a terrible meeting called together at the Mansion House a few years since, in order to further the establishment of the now defunct School of Dramatic Art. The most earnest eloquence of the promoters failed utterly to stir popular enthusiasm, but the Lord Mayor of the period eclipsed himself by a graceful allusion to Mrs. Chippendale, who sat next him on the platform. "Mrs. Chippendale is a lady I have always admired," he said, "both as an artist and a woman." Dear old Mrs. Chipp smiled blandly and looked quite happy, but the Lord Mayor unfortunately went on, "Yes, I have always admired her, and I have been a playgoer, man and boy, these fifty years."

MR. EDWARD TERRY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.—The town of Christchurch, Hants (said Mr Terry in a recent interview), is chiefly celebrated for its Abbey Church, and until the eventful date, August 17, 1863, I am not aware that it had achieved any distinction as a home of the drama—in fact, although I left London on the 8th of the (to me) eventful month, I spent eight days in attempting to find the Theatre Royal. As a fact, it was not until the 17th, when wandering past the Mechanics' Institute, I discovered a carrier's cart with some remnants of tattered sky borders, and a child (aged about eight) playing, in the innocence of youth and rather ragged clothing, between the shafts. On entering the building I saw the whole force of the male members of the company busily engaged in fixing up a platform, with a lady enthroned upon what appeared to be bedding (but which I afterwards found to be wardrobe, combat swords, &c.). Opining this must be the manageress, I introduced myself as "Terry." She referred me to a rather stout man, of middle age and height, who in very dilapidated attire was busy in doing nothing all over the room. I introduced myself again. He (with a substantial Irish brogue) expressed the utmost delight, informing me we opened that night with the "Colleen Bawn;" and, as I was engaged for low comedy, that I played *Hardress Cregan*. Never having read or seen the play he generously lent me the book. On perusal, however, I suggested that *Hardress Cregan* was not low comedy: he agreed it was "not exactly" and that I should play *Miles na Coppaleen*, but that I must let him have the book back in half an hour. It seemed to me rather a brief time for study. There was no rehearsal, but I presumed it was the custom in the dramatic profession, so I agreed. In the evening, on arriving at the hall, I found my manager having a warm discussion with the caretaker, who refused to open the doors until the rent was paid. The difficulty was solved by admitting the public into the passage until sufficient cash had been obtained to satisfy what my manager designated a disgraceful claim, and a slur upon his honour. The "Colleen Bawn" was played with four men, including the manager, money-taker, and three ladies (*Mrs. Cregan* having to take checks until required). Can I relate how I was told to gag to unseen villagers; to walk boldly through the water in the cave scene; to call a chair a ladder, a table a rock; to dive between two ten-inch planks, nearly breaking my neck on the floor of the hall beneath the stage; how I saved *Eily* by holding on to the gauze water rows, at the same time losing my hat and wig in my heroic endeavours; how I was sworn at by the leading (swearing) Heavyman because I could not remember that *Eily* was "a shamrock foreninst him," and called her some totally different plant? This gentleman when sober swore by me; when the reverse he swore at me, "Like a fine old swearing Heavyman," one of the good (?) old time. No; all this shall be buried in oblivion. I would simply say the whole of my remuneration for the above arduous undertaking was eighteenpence.

THERE is an old story anent the Bower Saloon to the effect that on one occasion when it was time to ring up, the musicians were discovered to be absent. Quoth the leading man, "Where's the orchestra?" to which the call-boy responded, "Please, sir, they're opening a butter shop in the New Cut." A similar incident lately occurred at Something-in-the-Mud, in one of the midland counties. The play was *Hamlet*, and when the time for commencing the performance had arrived, the Prince of Denmark was conspicuous by not being there. On sending round to his lodgings, the messenger was met by the landlady with the intelligence: "I've locked him in his room, and I don't mean letting him out. There's an old account of one thirteen four he's got to settle before he goes. I never forget faces!"

"MISTHER CODY," said one of Buffalo Bill's Indians the other day, "can

I leave the aggregation temporarily?" "Why, bounding Panther?" asked Buffalo Bill. "Sure, an' I'd like to visit me old home at Bally Kilmucky when I'm so near it." "All right, you can have a week's furlough."

ONLY once did Gus Harris ever come to grief. He was staging a storm. "Now, then, hurry up with that thunder," yelled Gus. And just then a most awful clap of the genuine article burst over Drury Lane before the man at the wing could waggle the tea-tray. "Not a bit like it," roared Augustus.

It was at an amateur rehearsal, and the good old parson, who didn't dare go on the eventful night for fear of what his parishioners would say, had been smuggled in to hear what he could of the play. He got in in time to hear the great scene between the villainous man about town and the persecuted wife, which ran as follows:—She: "I may no longer hold a place in my husband's heart—make a grab at my hands—but I am still mistress of his house—cross—leave it—don't make a move." He: "Your wishes are my law—I think I ought to get up now, &c., &c." The old man says he thinks plays are difficult to understand.

WHICH recalls a very funny line in Charles Thomas' *Scarecrow*. Says somebody to the Adventurer Major, who wears a lot of medals on his bosom—"Are you really entitled to those?" "Well, I should think so. I took 'em for a bad card debt."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT THE THEATRE.—When the Emperor of Germany pays a visit to a theatre and is sufficiently interested in the performance to compliment the actors, he does not observe the natural and familiar style employed by Royalty of our own land, who send for the player or players to their private box and express personally their sense of pleasure at the performance. An enormous placard at present exhibited on a hoarding at the Royal Theatre, Berlin, testifies to a far stiffer and more cumbersome form of compliment. The placard in question is said to run as follows:—"This is to notify that His Majesty, the Emperor and King, has deigned to command me to express to all the actors who took part in the performance of the play 'The Holy Laugh,' his all-highest satisfaction and approval, especially to the ladies so-and-so, and to the gentlemen so-and-so. Signed, the Royal Superintendent of the Royal Playhouses."

A WELL-KNOWN actor, who is as well liked as known, was riding in an omnibus a few days ago. A party of four entered and took their seats. They were well dressed, but badly washed; loud in voice and in pattern of clothes; profuse with their jewellery and their conversation. They annoyed the Thespian as much as they did a quiet old gentleman seated opposite to him; and when they got out, the latter uttered a fervent "Thank goodness!" "You can easily tell what they are," added the Thespian. "Oh yes," said the old gentleman, "either actors or thieves." Our friend made a hurried exit O. P. side.

SUPPOSING Mr. Henry Irving, or any other popular performer for the matter of that, were to give an entertainment in the principal room of an hotel, and that he was welcomed with an unexpectedly terrific burst of applause, why would we be justified in regarding the circumstance as wholly unprecedented?—Because obviously it would be a startling *inn-ovation*.

ANOTHER STORY OF KEAN.—Wills, says Mr. Hatton, who was Dickens's assistant-editor on *Household Words*, told Irving that at 10 years old he was taken to see Kean in "*Macbeth*." The murder scene made such a gruesome impression upon him that he had to be taken out of the theatre; his sensation was one of dread and nausea. Nearly ten years afterwards, not having seen Kean since that first experience of his acting, he was accustomed in the afternoon, when the place was very quiet, to go and have his dinner at a certain chop house not far from where he was employed. One day, while he was eating his meal, a man came into the room and stood by the fire—a curious little man, Wills thought. Presently Wills found that he could not endure this person looking at him; he was afraid, could not finish his dinner, in fact; got up, and went out to the waiter. "Who is that strange man? I can't eat my dinner." The waiter looked through the glazed opening of the coffee room door, and said, "Oh, that's the famous Mr. Kean!" Here is the text for psychological discussion.

SHE was a chorister, and about to be married. Naturally she wished the ceremony to be as imposing as possible. "I want music," she said to her dearest lady friend. "What would be the most appropriate tune?" "Oh, that lovely anthem," was the response, "The Voice that breathed in the Eden Theatre." The organist said he didn't know it.

THE youthful aristocrat looked very sad, and people admired him for it, saying that it was not often nowadays that a boy showed so much grief at the death of his grandmother. "Very sad," said a sympathising friend. "Very sad." "Very," replied the youth, and a greater feeling of admiration arose for him, which would have lasted had he not continued, "For I can't go to the Gaiety to-night; but by gad I'll have a box at the Empire!" Now we know what is meant by the Court going into half-mourning.

THE Duke of Wellington's statue has been successfully lowered from its well-known position at Hyde Park Corner. Mr. Wilson Barrett suggests that, as this is an age of progress and evolution, a monument to the *Silver King* might not inappropriately succeed that of the "Iron Duke."

APROPOS OF ACTRESSES.—"There are girls," says Howard Paul, in the *Theatre Annual*, "who think that if their faces are pretty and their legs shapely their stock-in-trade is complete." Well, Howard, and surely they are not far out. At any rate, we can forgive a good deal in an actress with the above-advantages. She can curse her betrayer in the most commonplace and unemotional of trebles, and still be secure of our ardent admiration.

HERE is a good sensation for a melodrama of the advanced realistic order. In a play called *On the Trail*, which deals with the adventures of a famous Kentucky frontiersman, one Dan'l Boone, and which has for the scene of its first act a facsimile of the first log hut ever built in Kentucky, the great situation is the capture of Dan'l by the Shawnee Indians, who bind him to the stake at which he is to be burnt, and then leave him for a while, most unwisely, as it turns out; for behold Mollie, the highly-trained mare of the said Dan'l, enters to the be-knotted frontiersman, unfastens his ropes with her teeth, and carries him off on her back at a hand-gallop! Truly a situation worthy of a play among whose characters are reckoned "cow-boys, pioneers, and" (genuine) "bucks, squaws, and papposes of the Shawnee Indians."

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(*Revised by a Toper.*)

To drink, or not to drink? That is the question.
 Whether 'tis nobler inwardly to suffer
 The pangs and twitchings of uneasy stomach,
 Or to take brandy-toddy 'gainst the colic,
 And by imbibing end it? To drink—to sleep—
 To snore—and, by a snooze, to say we end
 The headache, and the morning's parching thirst
 That drinking's heir to; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To drink—to pay—
 To pay the waiter's bill? Ay—there's the rub;
 For in that snipe-like bill, a stop may come,
 When we would shuffle off our mortal score,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes sobriety of so long a date;
 For who could bear to hear the glasses ring
 In concert clear—the chairman's ready toast—
 The pops of out-drawn corks—the "hip hurrah!"
 The eloquence of whisky—and the songs,
 Which often through the noisy revel break,
 When a man—might his quietus make
 With a full bottle? Who would sober be,
 Or sip weak coffee through the livelong night;
 But that the dread of being laid upon
 That stretcher by policemen borne, on which
 The reveller reclines—puzzles me much,
 And makes me rather tippie ginger-beer,
 Than fly to brandy or the best of gin?
 Thus poverty doth make us temperance men.

• • •
 "A NICE DERANGEMENT."—An old lady friend informs *Judy* that she was at a concert of secret and secular music last week, where she heard selections from *HANDEL's* oratorio, "The Cremation," and a lovely song called "The Blue Insatiable Mountains."

• • •
 A DISMAL JOKE.—What is a re-hearsal? A rehearsal? Let me see. Ah! it is when undertakers, after the ceremony, re-mount their sombre vehicle for the animated but somewhat incongruous converse of the return journey.

• • •
 "'ENERY HIRVING!" exclaimed the provincial barn-stormer, contemptuously. "Call 'im versatile! Why, I'll guarantee I've mastered more parts than 'e ever 'as!" "What price the parts of speech?" jerked in the unemployed low-com. And then the knockabout business began.

• • •
 ADMIRERS of Sarah Bernhardt believe in grace before meat.

• • •
 "It is sure to be a big go," said the young and plodding playwright. "You know how difficult it is to get an efficient company together for a *matinée*, but I have managed to secure a first-class all round crowd for my show." "Yes, but why on earth did you engage McRanter? He is a regular barn-stormer." "Oh, I have only given him a few lines. He has to finish the piece." "Alas, poor play! He'll do that safe enough!" And he did.

SHAKESPEARE DILUTED.

(FOR THOSE WHO OBJECT TO BLANK VERSE.)

BRIEF let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard—

Oh, that my memory should thus be tortured!—

My custom always in an afternoon,

When seeking shelter from the heats of June,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

Foul murder rampant in his perjured soul,

With juice of cursèd hebanon in a vial

Grimly he smiled as safe from all espial,

And in the porches of mine ears did pour,

First drop by drop, then ever more and more,

The leperous distilment ; whose effect,

Unlike those drugs which no one can detect,

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

Struggle against its sway as best we can,

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The veins and sangueducts, and searcheth, too,

The natural gates and alleys of the body,

(You see how dangerous it is to nod, eh?)

And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,

Unless some antidote occur to cross it,

The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine—

Numbing the nerves and marrow of the spine ;

And a most instant tetter barked about

(The bark of hydrophobia, no doubt)

Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust,—

I hate to tell these details, but I must,—

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,

By vilest deed that e'er in hell was planned,

Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched—

A triple theft ; was e'er such foulness matched?—

Cut off e'en in the blossom of my sin,

*And left to die like nameless paladin**Breathing his last on some forgotten field,*

Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled !

* * *

THE house was crammed, and everyone was thrilled at Wilson Barrett's acting in *Chatterton*. Amongst the thrilled was Master. Everybody knows the finish of the play. The youthful poet has taken poison. Then late, ah, too late ! arrives money for the starved writer ! But everybody did not expect to hear in excited tones from a portly personage : "Why doesn't the idiot buy a stomach-pump?"

* * *

A FORTNIGHT or so back I narrated an amusing episode which took place at an amateur dramatic show. Of course amusing *contretemps* are common at this class of entertainment, and I have heard recently of two worth repeating, both, curiously enough, in connection with corpses. In the first case, a performance of "Time and the Hour" had gone very successfully up to the very end, where Marian Beck embraces the dead body of Sir Philip. But on this occasion the final tableau was "queered" indeed by the representative of the corpse, who forgot himself so far as to return the lady's embrace and clasp her in his arms. In the second case a gentleman with very long hair lay dead upon the field, otherwise upon the boards of St. George's Hall.

Two men appeared with poles to bear the body off, but as they endeavoured to raise it, there came a cry in an agonised undertone—"Ohh ! ohh ! your'e standing on my hair !" And again had a good show gone wrong.

CUTTING IT FINE.—A good story is related of a well-known Liverpoolian theatrical manager who by thrift and hard work has amassed a very handsome fortune. Previous to the pantomime the stage carpenters had to repair one of the traps, and the head carpenter went to the manager and informed him that it could not be done in the dark. "Well, lad, thee won't have the gas," answered the manager ; "here, tak' this and buy a candle," and he handed him a halfpenny. The carpenter pleaded that they wanted two in order to show a light on the subject. "How long will t' job tak' thee ?" asked the manager. "About ten minutes," was the reply. "Then cut t' candle in two," said the theatrical Cræsus, "thee won't have any more brass (money)."

"OH, Mr. Leslie," said a lovely young lady who met the much admired comedian, "I'm told you're going to play *A Man with two Wives* to-morrow. How ever can you be so naughty ?" "Mademoiselle," replied Fred, "I shall be 'Noirtier' to-night !" And then someone showed her a Gaiety play bill, and she laughed to such an extent that her irate father, who hates all vanities and frivolities, immediately insisted upon her taking the veil.

HERE was a tip for the Derby of '87. But it did not come off : "The Olympic Company to a man—and the ladies are in it, too—have planked the pieces down on Grandison. Why ? because 'tis George Barrett's mount, and t'other George Barrett, the champion comedian, plays a part called Grandison, in the forthcoming Olympic show. When we consider that the said piece is *The Golden Band*, it really seems as if lovers of coincidences had got the straight tip at last. N.B.—Grandison's colours are red, white sleeves. The Olympic is being newly done up in red and white."

"THERE's a piano recital I'd like to have you look after," said Master to the new reporter. "Do you think you can attend to it ?" "Sure." "Ever criticise a piano recital ?" "No, but I can tell good gymnastics when I see them, and when the lady wades in and takes both hands to it, and hits the keyboard in seventeen different places all at once, you can bet I'll be there to say it was one of the most brilliant performances ever attempted, executed with a brilliancy and *eclat* which stamped the lady as an artist without a superior." He got the job.

"WHY is my unredeemed overcoat like a successful Adelphi drama ?" queried the Tealeaf, as, in a moment of preoccupation, he slipped the office shears into his pocket. "Give it up. Why ?" "Because it's *Held by the Enemy* !" Six months hard.

CHARLEY HARRIS, searching for a leading soprano, was asked by the agent : "Do you pay anything ?" "What do you think ?" "Well I know of one who has a full voice and some experience you can get." "Well, how much would she want ?" asked Charley. "I think £15 a week would satisfy her," was the reply. "Great Russell Street !" exclaimed Charley. "I can get one with a voice that will knock a hole through a brick wall for a fiver." He got her, and those who heard her said they thought she could do it,

"You got me the flowers, Jane, that I am to wear in my hair this evening in the ball scene?" "Yes, Miss; but——" "But what?" "The 'air, miss, slipped out of my 'ead."

WE have discovered the champion dead-head at last; but we are not going to put him away by giving his name. He always gets *two* stalls from the unsuspecting manager, and then goes by himself. He sits on one seat, and then uses the other for his hat, coat, and programme.

'Twas at Olympia, where the new programme coupled with the threat of the hippodrome's early departure, is drawing big crowds, that Mrs. Muggleton beheld with amazement a man enter the cage of half a dozen growling lions. With dim recollections of Delmonico and other beasts crowding through her brain she asked: "Is this the same performer that used to go into the den of *lepers*?" And she thought it was so rude of two perfect strangers to smile at her remark.

THE row was about a theatre he had promised— or she said he had promised to take her to. "I can be firm," she said, stamping holes in the carpet. "You've no idea how firm I can be." "What is called firmness in a woman," he replied, musingly, "is called obstinacy in a donkey." No cards.

DOORKEEPER at the Vaudeville: "You don't want to go in now. The show is nearly over." Gubbins: "No, m'good f'ler; I just want a p-programme." D.: "What d'ye want a programme for?" G.: "Jesh t'show t'missis, so that she'll know I've been to your (*hic*) show."

OVERHEARD AT THE OPERA.—"What is this?" "This, beloved, is the opera." "My! but who are all the people?" "The audience, my dear." "But they seem to be bored to death." "They are, my angel." "Then why do they come?" "To be looked at." "Gracious, is that a pleasure?" "Yes, precious." "Why? How?" "Why, the privilege costs about a guinea an hour." "Then only rich people can afford it?" "Only immensely rich people, dear." "But I see there a young man who is not immensely rich." "Yes." "How can he afford it?" "Directly he can't; indirectly he can." "How indirectly?" "His tailor, shoemaker, and Co. have to suffer by this extravagance." "Those funny people on the stage——" "Sh, dear, they're singing." "Singing what?" "A duet." "Why do they duet?" "Hush, my darling." "Are they unwell?" "Why, no, my precious." "Then why does that queer little gentleman with short trousers and a tin sword throw himself about as if he were suffering from green gooseberries?" "Because he is a tenor." "Why is he called a tenor?" "Because he charges ten or fifteen shillings a second for his work." "And the other—the lady with vocal hysterics?" "She is the prima donna." "Is she singing, too?" "Oh, yes." "But neither of these people have any notes?" "Yes, they have." "Where?" "In their pockets." "Can they sing without these notes?" "They can, but they won't." "Is not the manager a great philanthropist to bring all these people together and pay them so much money?" "Oh, yes." "We should thank the poor manager very heartily." "Of course." "We should be willing to pay him any sum he chooses to ask, shouldn't we?" "Certainly, dear." "He is so disinterested." "Very, my love." "We should also be very grateful to the excited little gentleman with the ebony stick who looks as if he were flapping his wings and trying to crow." "Yes." "He often succeeds in quite drowning the prima donna in a torrent of fiddling." "Yes, dear, that is his business." "These people in the boxes seem to be very tired." "Very." "They are trying hard not to listen." "Yes, sweet." "But I thought people went to the opera to hear the

music." "That was in the dark ages, love." "What is music?" "Music is a combination or succession of certain sharps, flats and naturals." "What is a sharp?" "A sharp, my dear? well, do you remember the gentleman we passed in the lobby with the pleased smile and corpulent pocket-book?" "Why, that you said was the manager." "Yes, my sweet." "Well." "He is a sharp—fellow." "And what are the flats?" "They are in the boxes—flat heads and chests, too, some of them." "And a natural?" "The young man you spoke of who spent his little all for a seat." "He is a natural what?" "Idiot."

MR. GEO. L. GOODMAN, manager of Messrs. Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove's companies in Australia, has found it necessary to issue a rather amusing circular, in answer to the entreaties of numerous "dead-heads" begging for orders. It is printed on a half-sheet of mourning note paper, has a border about three-quarters of an inch thick, and reads:—"Theatre Royal.—Under the direction of Messrs. Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove.—Owing to the limited holding capacity of this theatre, and the extraordinary demands of the paying public for seats, the management is reluctantly compelled to decline acceding your request.—Yours truly, Geo. L. Goodman. Sydney, —, 18—. The marginal darkness which surrounds this note but feebly expresses the grief we feel at not being able to oblige you."

AN ingenious acting-manager has hit upon a plan for reducing the demand for "complimentary admissions"—commonly called "orders"—by that enormous body of the undeserving known as deadheads." He gives an order to anybody who asks for one; but that order is printed (in white letters) on a black card, it bears in the centre of it a skull, the words *Dead Head* are printed across it in large type, and immediately above that skull appears the legend *Admit One*. Somehow those orders are not all used.

A CURIOUS incident occurred recently in connection with the advertisement of Mr. Will. Sley, variety agent. The advertisement said—"Wanted, all those out of work and can do it to apply immediately." Two gentlemen of the navy persuasion having seen *The Era* on Sunday duly presented themselves at Mr. Sley's office in Manchester, and said they wanted work and were prepared for any amount of it. Needless to state they did not succeed in getting it.

THEY TURNED IT OFF.—The actors in Miss Fortescue's American company tell a rather amusing story about a lady who was travelling with the organization. When they were playing in Buffalo, she came on a Wednesday morning to the manager, and expressed a desire to run down that afternoon with her mother and visit Niagara Falls. The manager was afraid some unforeseen delay might occur to prevent return in time for the evening performance, and he said, "It would be quite useless for you to go to-day. The falls are not visible on Wednesdays." "Indeed? And why not?" "They always turn the water off on Wednesdays." "How extraordinary," responded she, and went away quite satisfied with the explanation.

NOW AND THEN.—Overheard in the stalls: Old lady (gazing down into the back of a fashionably dressed girl in front of her)—"How the styles have changed since I was a girl. When I was young we used to wear our dresses up to the neck and gloves with only one button. Now they wear the gloves up to the neck, and only one button on the dress."

DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.—Mr. Professor (with sudden impulse to rich amateur tenor whom he has been accompanying in "Deeper and deeper still"): "Jake hants, my talented young vrent! I have neffer before heart zat nople recidadeef zung so vell to eggshbress ze vorts!" R. A. T. (who occasionally sings a little out of tune): "Ah, you flatter me, I fear!" Mr. Professor: "Ach, no! Vy, you commenced it, more or less, in B; you gon-dinued it zomevhere about B vlat; and you vinisht it almost in P! And all ze while I vass blaying ze aggombaniment in C! Now, zat is, 'Teeper and teeper sçhtill,' and no mischdake! Jake hants!"

"I LIKE that Empire," said the Pest, "they treat you so civilly. Why, whenever I go there a couple of fellows in livery show me in, and——," "Exactly," put in the Pitcher, "and before very long a couple of fellows in livery show you out. I know they're awfully civil at the Empire."

AT THE THEATRE.—Miss Barlowe (who is somewhat short-sighted): "Oh, mamma, look at that beautiful white bonnet in the front row, centre aisle." Mamma: "Sh-h, child. That is old Mr. Watson's bald head."

THERE is a rumour afloat that a compositor in a neighbouring town died a violent death a few days ago. The editor had written, "Old Gifts in New Lights," and it appeared in print, "Old girls in New Tights." The compositor is supposed to have mistaken the editorial for an article on the ballet.

It was after the amateur theatricals. "Clara," said Frank to his wife, "I don't like that young Jeffrey embracing you." "But you silly, it's in the piece—it's only acting, you know." "I don't care, I don't like it done before all those people. I shouldn't mind if it was in pri——" "What, sir?"

THE *Whitehall Review* inquires, in large letters—"Do Actors read Criticism?" We have great pleasure in answering our comtemporany's question. Such actors as *can* read, *do* read criticism; and if favourable, they learn it by heart, recite it to their friends, and preserve it in albums. Show us the actor who does not do thusly, and we will provide a glass case for him out of the office petty cash.

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth, and he rode with the chosen of his heart in a tramcar, after having been to the theatre to look at her while she looked at the play. The pair slyly held each other's hand in the corner of the car and exchanged glances of sweetness so languishing that the souls of the other passengers were filled with a pensive sympathy, touched with tenderness, and not untempered by contempt. They said little, but at length the twain was heard to ask softly—"Did you like the play, dear?" To which the maid replied with beautiful fervour—"Oh, George, it is too lovely! That part where he died was so sweet I felt as if I were eating chocolate cream."

SCENE AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.—Time: Midnight. Sir Arthur Sullivan: "So that's settled—the name of our new opera shall be——" Mr. Gilbert: "Hush! we are observed." Sir Arthur Sullivan: "Allegro, Crescendo! Tempo di valse! Who is't?" Mr. Gilbert: "Tis the cat; she may have heard all. Let us dissemble." [They dissembled and mysterious paragraphs giving the wrong cognomen of their opera appear in the papers.]

ACCORDING to a contemporary, Madame Norman Neruda is the finest quartette player in the world. All we can say is, says the *Sporting Times*, we should like to see her play a quartette, very much. If she can surpass the simultaneous performance of Newman Noggs on the panpipes, tambourine, cymbals, and big drum, she shall have the best Buzzard's can do for four-pence.

A PENNY reading in the neighbourhood of Lichfield was fairly broken up the other evening, when the president announced, in a fine baritone: "Mr. Jenkins will now sing a glee!"

As is well known, Mr. Vandenhoff did not, on making his debut in London, succeed in setting the Thames on fire, though afterwards he became duly appreciated as a sterling classic actor of the school of the Kembles. Shaking the dust of Cockaigne from his feet, he was soon back in Liverpool, and re-engaged by the management there. But such was the fickleness of his old admirers, who now swore by Mr. Salter, whom they considered he had come to oust, that they determined to hoot him from the stage. The scene was a perfect riot. Benches were torn up, and all the usual missiles were hurled at the stage, the whole play being performed in dumb show. Whilst this was going on a stranger who was seated in the boxes remarked to his neighbour, "What a disturbance; they do not seem to like the fresh actor?" The other, who must have been a wit of the first order, replied, "*Fresh* actor? oh, no, that's what it's all about, they prefer one *Salt-er*!"

A HIT—A PALPABLE HIT.—On one occasion two low comedians were getting through a scene as well as they could, in the midst of a row occasioned by the absence of some performer, and were dodging the oranges, etc., to the best of their powers. Mr. Hay, a popular comic actor, was one of the victims. He stood the brunt of the fray with wonderful patience till an apple hit him upon the head. Lifting the apple he walked to the footlights and demanded to be heard. When there was silence he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, as much *Goose* as you please but *no apple sauce*!" This sally put an end to the row, which terminated with a roar of laughter and shouts of applause.

TOUCHING the Drama at Alma Mater. "Yes—any good to be done there. It's a good piece, you know." "That don't matter. Good or bad, there's only one way to make a piece go at Oxford." "And that is?" "Have a couple of pretty girls in it. Then you'll have crowded houses nightly."

HERE is another Gilbert story—that is to say, a "good thing" which is going the rounds as having been said by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, though he may be entirely innocent of it. Very likely it is one of Swift's or Sidney Smith's; though the surroundings, at all events, are unclerical and "up to date." Mr. Gilbert was (so the story says) stage-managing one of his own operas, when the conductor of the orchestra—let us hasten to say that it was *not* Sir Arthur—prefaced some suggestion by the following remark: "Mr. Gilbert, this is my plan. When I see things going wrong on the stage, I don't say anything, I don't make a fuss; I just simply go on to the stage and *put them right*." "Now, that's very odd," answered Mr. Gilbert. "It's so like my own way. If I find that the orchestra is in a muddle, I don't talk to the conductor, I don't waste any words: I simply take that conductor's seat, pick up his baton, and—in point of fact, *put them right*." It is curious that, in spite of so strong a confirmation of its excellence, the conductor in

question from that moment gave up his plan, and was never known to put it in practice again—at all events, where Mr. Gilbert was concerned.

THERE are certain poets on the music hall stage whose gift of inspiration is so certain and rapid, that they can undertake to throw off impromptu verses, introducing rhymes to any words suggested by the audience, literally at a moment's notice. Only the other evening one of these gentlemen, singing at a popular Kentish watering-place, showed a tact and a boldness which are rarely to be found combined. He had ready rhymes to such elementary words as "Queen" and "Goschen," when a masher, who had strayed into the shilling seats, thought to puzzle him with "Hydrostatics." "I beg your pardon, sir?" said the bard, perhaps for a moment taken aback. "Hydrostatics," repeated the youth. Then our singer rose to the occasion. He came forward, and, bowing, thus addressed the audience:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have made it a rule, to which, with the approbation of many and numerous audiences, I have always adhered, never to introduce into my little entertainment *any rhymes founded upon scriptural subjects.*" Thunders of applause. The devout poet had unmistakably scored off the cultured masher, who, however, was not yet defeated. In five minutes he returned to the charge with a word yet more formidable—"Hieroglyphic." This time there was no mistake about it—the inspired gentleman *did* blench. "I beg your pardon, sir?" he asked, almost deferentially. "Hieroglyphic" was the answer, and the masher smiled a feeble smile. But he triumphed too soon, for our bard pulled himself together, and achieved the success of the evening with the following remarkable couplet:—

The Isle o' Thanet's breezes are terrific,
But, oh, give me the good old *Isle of Glyffic!*

WHAT OUR ACTORS ARE COMING TO.—"How are you old man? Still out of a job?" "No. I'm getting ten bob a week in Regent Street." "Regent Street! What's on there?" "Why I'm reciting Old Mother Hubbard into phonographs, for talking do'lls."

A GOOD many amusing stories are told of the actor's "diggings," and of the people who run them; but here is one which has the additional merit of being true. In a Northern town, not a hundred miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne, a well-known actor and his wife last week secured apartments at the house of a Mrs. M'P——, who had only recently entered the business. The new lodgers arrived late in the day, and the first meal they partook of was five o'clock tea. The table was duly set out, but presently the actor's wife noticed the absence from the tea-service of that humble but necessary utensil the slop-basin. "Will you bring the slop-basin, Mrs. P——?" she meekly said to the landlady, who had just entered the room to remove the coal-scuttle. "The what?" replied Mrs. M'P——, with a puzzled expression on her countenance. "A slop-basin please," said the actor's wife. The landlady left the room, and presently returned with a huge zinc pail, which she deposited near the tea-table with the remark, "That's what we use for the slops, mum." Tableau!

Mr. J. G. TAYLOR tells the following story:—"I remember a sudden and astonishing lapse of memory. Many years ago I was playing a small part in 'Richard III,' and when I rushed in to announce that the Duke of Buckingham was taken, the 'Star' looked at me in a dazed manner, and raising his forehead said 'Oh, God, what do I say?' I was too much startled to

answer the great man, so the speech 'Off with his head, &c.,' was not spoken. He afterwards explained that his name became a perfect blank for the time being. I think it was my tragedy unnerved him."

FIRST ACTRESS: "Did you ever have an attack of stage fright?" SECOND ACTRESS: "Yes, once, when I thought my padding had turned round."

MISS LILLIE LANGTRY relates the following droll slip of the text:—"Let us seek some nosey cook."

THE lovely prima donna addresses the stranger in lavender silk tights, gold and drab jacket, and Charles II. hat:—

"Speak, who art thou?"

Wanderer in these rustic haunts."

The stranger, the gallant tenor, replies:—

"Listen, lady, I will tell thee;"

and then, turning from her, rushes forward and, tossing his head up on one side, shouts to a man in the second tier of boxes:—

"I've been a rover over the sea,

Far I've wandered wild and free!"

and then, glancing down, he singles out and tells three ladies and two children in the stalls that he has also been "a ro-o-o-o-ver o'erthesee—o'erthesee! —the see-e-ee!" and for fear it may not be known, he shouts to a couple of boys who are jammed into the front row in the gallery that he has wandered "wild and free—wildan—free-e-e-e-e-e"—with that long-sustained high tenor note—till you wonder if he were "bosun" or first mate amid the applause which follows, and however he "roves" at sea in that gilt jacket and those silk tights.

At the close of a grand ball a celebrated actor of the Court Theatre in Berlin stands in the passage waiting for friends. A beautiful and fashionably-dressed lady approaches him, and says: "Beg pardon, have I the honour to see before me our famous Herr Bruller, whose powerful and sonorous voice I had the pleasure of admiring last night in 'Macbeth?' Might I ask you to do me a little favour?" "I am quite at your service, madam." "Then will you be good enough to call out in the street for the carriage of Baroness Zabelitz?"

SOUL-FELT CRITICISM.—This is the sort of criticism prima donnas have to face when they sing in the presence of Wild Western musical critics. One of them writes thus of the star of an opera company:—"Her voice was a cross between the hum of a cyclone and the screech of a locomotive under full steam. It trembled away in cat-like cadences, and rose again like the wail of a hound in distress. Again it rose in mellow tones not unlike the wind dallying over the mouth of an empty jug. Stopping only long enough to take wind, she rose slowly to her tip-toes, and with gyrating arms and heaving chest, gave a fair imitation of the roar that foretells a Dakota blizzard. Old Jim Baker's pet panther, chained to a post in a yard at the back of the opera-house, heard some of her high notes, and they skeered the poor beast out of a year's growth. It was the first time our town was ever visited by a genuine female Calliope, and we hope she'll come again."

A CERTAIN conjuror once had an experience which was highly comical,

though quite disastrous from a professional point of view. Having produced an egg from a previously empty bag, he announced that he would follow up this trick by bringing from the bag the hen by which the egg had been laid. This little arrangement he had left to his confederate to carry out. He proceeded to draw the bird from the bag in which it had previously been placed, but what was his consternation on finding that the alleged hen was an old rooster, which strutted about the stage with ruffled feathers and offended dignity, and set up as vigorous a crowing as if he had just awakened from his nocturnal slumbers. The whole audience shrieked with laughter, and the unfortunate conjurer made a "bolt" for his dressing-room.

A MUSICAL dictionary defines a shout to be an "unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are paid well, and small children are punished."

TWENTY years ago the energetic Professor Schwarz was conducting a musical society. They were studying Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and had reached the chorus, "Hear us, Baal; hear, mighty god." The men's voices were booming out sonorously, when the conductor cried out; "No! No! de dreadful vowel! Don't say B-a-l-e, soften a leetle—give de more musical sound, Bal—" Whereupon the chorus took up the strain again, "Hear us Bawl—hear us Bawl," but they quickly realised the peculiar fitness of the sentiment, and broke down in laughter, to the great amazement of the little German, who never saw the joke, but who returned reluctantly to the old pronunciation.

THEY were on their way to the theatre, and she was tremulously happy. She felt that the words she longed to hear would be spoken that night, and the idea made her almost dizzy with delight. "Mr. Sampson," she said, softly, "why do you wear that bit of string upon your finger?" "Oh," replied Mr. Sampson, taking it off, "that was to remind me of my engagement with you to-night." It wasn't much, but it was enough to take away the delightful dizziness.

THEATRICAL MANAGER: "Hie, there! What are you doing with that pistol?" Disconsolate Lover: "Going to kill myself." Theatrical Manager: "Hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you did it for love of Miss Starr, our leading lady? It's a dull season, and every little helps."

A THEATRICAL manager told a story against himself the other day. An actor came to him and applied for an engagement. There did not seem to be much need of him, but his demands in the way of salary were very modest, and the manager said to him: "Well, you may consider yourself engaged. I fancy I can find something for you to do. Come round on Tuesday and I'll try you." The newly-engaged man looked at the manager questioningly. "How about a contract?" he asked. "Oh, never mind a contract! We'll have a verbal contract." There was a look of mild reproach in the eyes of the man, as he answered, sorrowfully: "Sir, the last time I made a verbal contract, I drew a verbal salary."

A TRAGEDIAN was in the habit of giving orders to a widow lady. She was once sitting in the pit with her little girl, when her friend the performer

was about to be stabbed by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming: "Oh, don't kill him, sir—don't kill him; for, if you do, he won't give us any more orders."

* * *

If you think nobody cares for you, just stand up at the theatre. You will be surprised at finding how many people will take an interest in your uprising and downfall.

* * *

A COMIC TRAGEDY.—At the Stadt Theatre, in Cologne, Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe" was announced to be played for the benefit of Weber, the popular actor. Weber, who was to take the part of Ferdinand, lodged with an old washer-woman, who had never seen the inside of a theatre. She asked the actor to give her a ticket for the performance, but Weber was unable to comply with the request, as all the seats in the house were sold. He saw the manager, however, and obtained permission for her to witness the performance from the stage; and a chair was placed behind the scenes for the old woman, who followed the performance at first with open-mouthed astonishment, but as the play proceeded she was overcome with a feeling of weariness. She managed to hold out until the poisoning scene; but when the two lovers had swallowed the fatal draught, and Ferdinand, unbuttoning his military coat, in passionate accents exclaimed, "Good night, my masters!" the old woman, holding a large door key in her hand, stepped out on the stage, walked up to Ferdinand, and said: "Yes, yes, good night, Herr Webber, it's about time; I can't bear sitting yonder any longer. I'm fairly dozing already; here's the key—and don't be long!" Imagine Ferdinand's disgust, Louisa's consternation, the manager's despair, the wild merriment that rang through the house!

* * *

RAMEAU, the composer, was a most unsociable character—he took no interest in anything save music. It is stated that one evening, when visiting at the house of a very high and noble lady, he suddenly got up from his chair, seized a little dog lying on the hostess's lap, and threw it straight out of a window of the third floor. The lady, greatly alarmed, exclaimed: "Oh, what have you done?" "Say nothing about it; the cur barks in a false key!" replied the composer.

* * *

"PLAY at a matinee!" exclaimed a rising young actress, with a look of ineffable disgust; "I would have you to know, Mr. Manager, that the stars only shine by night."

* * *

MR. TOOLE once asked eighty people to supper, and wrote a private note to each man beforehand asking him to be so good as to say grace, as the chairman was unavoidably prevented from attending. The faces of those eighty men when they rose as in a body, at the tap on the table, which Toole had severally informed them was to be the signal for grace, must have been a sight indeed!

* * *

AN actor thus makes love to a pretty girl in private life:—"Dearest, I love you devotedly. I implore you to listen to me. I—I—I—goodness gracious, where's the prompter?"

* * *

IN a small theatre, at the close of the third act, the curtain did not drop the whole length, but remained suspended half way. Stretched out on the stage lay a solitary dead man. As all endeavours to lower the curtain failed,

the corpse at length got up, and said in sepulchral tones : "No rest, even in the grave," and went and dragged the curtain to the floor.

MENDELSSOHN couldn't stand brass instruments. Of the trombone he once said : "It is too sacred an instrument to be used freely"—a view that will find a heart-felt echo in the man whose next-door neighbour is an amateur trombonist.

"My wife is a lecturer and I am an entertainer," said Hobbs. "Indeed, I knew your wife appeared in public, but I did not know that you ever did." "Oh, I don't. I stay at home and entertain the baby."

MR. W. S. GILBERT, the eminent dramatist, is a barrister by profession, and he held one brief in his life—in 1866. It was to prosecute an Irish woman for larceny, and his friends assembled to witness his triumph. He was ready and willing to make a luminous opening ; but the moment he attempted to commence a sentence the woman drowned his voice with the most violent exclamations and grimaces. "Hold your tongue, yer spalpeen." "Ah ! if ye love me now, sit down." "Its a lie, your honour." "Hooroo for Ould Ireland !" The result was that the judge had to order her to be removed. The speech was thus disgracefully mutilated, and is said to have never been resumed.

ALWAYS OWING.—"How is it, Sheridan, that your name has not an O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan ; "for we owe everybody."

A NEW READING.—Delphini, the Italian clown, who had to exclaim at a critical moment, "Pluck them asunder !" could produce no more intelligible speech than "Massunder em plocket !" Much mirth in the house and dismay on the stage ensued.

BEEF WITHOUT MUSTARD.—The elder Mathews had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour, at a small inn in the city, where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trysting-place a little too soon. On entering the coffee-room, he found its sole tenant, a commercial gentleman, earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire, and took up a newspaper, meaning to while away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation, and with a ghastly smile : "I beg your pardon, sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard." The person thus addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his tastes, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his paper, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded the man was deaf. So raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out with syllabic precision, "Are—you—a-ware—sir—that—you—have—been—eating—boiled—beef—with—out—mustard?" Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, while he was

really "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionality and good taste, he jumped up, and in the most arbitrary and defiant manner, snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out, "Confound it, sir, you shall take mustard!" He then slapped his hat on his head, and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the same roof with such a savage, and that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen in the coffee-room.

NO HURRY.—When Macready was acting in *Venice Preserved*, and the dying speech of "Jaffier" was "dragging its slow length along," one of the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, "Ah, now, die at once;" to which another from the other side immediately replied, "Be quiet, you blackguard;" then turning with a patronising tone to the lingering Jaffier, "Take your time!"

NOT MUCH STANDING ROOM.—A play-bill of the year 1734, which is preserved as a curiosity in the museum at Brunswick, winds up as follows: "For the sake of the convenience of the public, the first row in the pit are directed to lie down, the second row to kneel, and the third to stand, so as to enable all the spectators to see the performance. Laughing is prohibited, as the play is a tragedy."

HE COULD SMILE.—An amateur named Plunkett was in Dublin as "Richard III." The audience were in fits of laughter from the beginning to the end. When he said in "Gloster's" soliloquy, "Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile," the response from the pit was, "Oh, by the powers, you can!" To his question, "Am I then a man to be beloved?" voices answered, "Indeed, then, you are not!"

HOW TO SPELL "STAR."—Charles Mathews once went to perform at Wakefield, where, owing to the depressed state of trade, the drama received no support. He was afterwards asked how much money he had made at Wakefield, and replied: "Not a shilling!" "Not a shilling!" repeated the questioner. "Why I thought you went there to star!" "So I did," replied Mathews; "but they spell it with a 've' in Wakefield."

A LOFTY REVENGE.—A good story is told of a rich banker at Paris, who, though a sexagenarian, fancied himself a perfect Adonis, and was always behind the scenes, hanging about, and making love to Mademoiselle Saulnier, to whom the machinist of the Opera House was paying his addresses. Determined to be revenged, and profiting by the moment when his rival, in uttering soft nonsense, had inadvertently placed his foot upon a cloud, the machinist gave a whistle, which was the signal for raising the cloud, and when the curtain was drawn up, the audience (says Lord William Lennox) were not a little edified at seeing the banker, with powdered head, and gorgeously attired in evening costume, embroidered coat and waistcoat ascending to the clouds by the side of "Minerva," represented by the object of his devotion.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—"Madam, you are growing more beautiful every day," gallantly said a gentleman to an actress now past her prime. "Everyday! Oh, sir!" protested the very vain and aged party, "you flatter

me!" "Well," gallantly and accommodatingly replied he, "let's say every other day."

A MOTHERLY REQUEST.—The ladies' dressing-room at a Paris theatre became every evening so crowded with the number of old women in attendance on the actresses, that the manager found himself compelled to post up a notice in the room to the following effect: "The ladies forming part of the company of this theatre are strictly forbidden to bring more than one mother with them at a time."

THE FIDDLER AND THE CABMAN.—One day, when in Florence, Paganini jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moïse" on a single string. "How much?" he inquired of the driver. "For you," said the man, who had recognised the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs." "Ten francs! You are jesting." "No. You charge as much for a place at your concert." Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty cabman, he said, handing him a liberal fare, "I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel."

COMPTON AND THE AMATEUR.—Compton had a wholesale dread of amateur actors, and on one occasion, when an egotistical young man button-holed him to descant on acting, he administered an unmistakable reproof to the presumptuous one. "I am anxious to become a professional now," said the young man, "for I always get splendid notices, and all my friends think I should make a great hit." "What line," inquired Compton. "Well," smiled the youth, "I play all the funny parts, but I don't succeed in making my audience laugh heartily. I want to make them scream, as you do—to make the house ring again with laughter, in fact." "Ah," drily responded Compton, "change your line of character a bit; try Hamlet, and let me know how you succeed."

A WALTZ IN WORDS.—Johann Strauss, the modern "King of the Waltz," shows his friends the following letter written to him from Paris: "DEAR SIR,—I am the most enthusiastic of your admirers, and consider you far superior to Lecoq and Suppé as a composer. I heard one of your waltzes the other day, and was delighted with it; I am now anxious to procure a copy to have it played at my evening parties, but unfortunately I don't know what it is called. Still, as I remember it perfectly well, I can tell you how it commences, namely, as follows: 'Tiriri, tiriri, tiriri; diroden; tarala, tarari ponla!' Yours devotedly, &c."

THE BOOK OF NUMBERS.—Mr. Baynham relates how, on one occasion, Macready was victimised in *Virginus*. The "Numitorius," couldn't remember his own name. "You will remember it, sir," said the tragedian, carefully pronouncing it for him, "by the association of ideas. Think of Numbers, the Book of Numbers." The "Numitorius" did think of it all day, and at night produced, through the "association of ideas," the following effect:—Numitorius: "Where is Virginia? Wherefore do you hold that maiden's hand?" Claudius: "Who asks the question?" Numitorius: "I, her uncle, Deuteronomy!"

MUCH TOO POLITE.—On one occasion when Macready played "Vir-

ginius," the actors at rehearsal were greatly amused when Mr. Bass, as "Icilius," replied to the playful question of the hero, "Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do it?" "Whichever you please, sir."

A WORD FOR THE PROMPTER.—At Luneville, when *La Melanide* was performed, the actor who represented "Darviam" quite forgot the words at an important crisis, namely, when declaring his love, but the prompter came to his assistance, and in a loud tone repeated them. With the utmost coolness, the actor turned to the actress to whom he was paying addresses, and said, "Yes, as that gentleman has told you," &c.

SHAKING HIS HEAD.—The late Mr. Charles Matthews used to relate that on one occasion, in "The Critic," the gentleman who had rehearsed Lord Burleigh's part in the morning was at night missing. "Send in anybody," said the stage manager. The "anybody" was found, dressed, and the book put into his hands. He read the stage directions: "Enter Lord Burleigh, bows to Dangle, shakes his head, and exits." "Anybody" did enter, bowed to Dangle, shook his (Dangle's) head, and made his exit.

THE manager of a company of strolling players lately remarked: "My company took the largest amount of money at L——, where I granted free admission to the public." "Indeed! but how was that, if the public were admitted gratis?" "Ah, you see, anyone leaving after the first act had to pay two shillings. You should have seen the rush at the ticket office!"

THE manager of a country theatre, peeping through the curtain between the acts, was surprised by a glimpse of the empty benches. "Why, good gracious!" said he, turning to the prompter, "where is the audience?" "He has just stepped out to get a pint of beer," was the brief reply.

GETTING OUT OF IT.—Cooke, when at the zenith of his fame, was announced to play the *Stranger* at the Dublin Theatre. When he made his appearance, evident marks of agitation, were visible in his countenance and his gestures; this, by the generality of the audience, was called fine acting, but those who were acquainted with his failing classed it very properly under the head of intoxication. When the applause had ceased, with difficulty he pronounced, "Yonder hut, yonder hut," pointing to the cottage, then, beating his breast and striking his forehead, he paced the stage in much apparent agitation of mind. Still this was taken as the *chef d'œuvre* of fine acting, and was followed by loud plaudits and "Bravo! bravo!" At length, after casting many a menacing look at the prompter, who repeatedly, though in vain, gave him the word, he came forward, and, with overacted feeling, thus addressed the audience: "You are a mercantile people—you know the value of money—a thousand pounds—my all, lent to serve a friend—is lost for ever. My son, too—pardon the feelings of a parent—my only son—as brave a youth as ever fought his country's battles—is slain—not many hours ago I received the intelligence, but, thank God, he died in defence of his king." Here his feelings became so powerful that they choked his utterance, and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, he staggered off the stage, amidst the applause of those who, not knowing the man, pitied his situation. Now, the fact is, Cooke never possessed £1,000 in all his life, nor had he ever the honour of being a father, but, too much intoxicated to recol-

lect his part, he invented this story as the only way in which he could decently retire, and the sequel of the business was that he was sent home in a chair, whilst another actor played his part.

* * *

NOTICE POSTED ON THE DRESSING ROOM DOOR OF THE LEADING LADY IN A VIENNA THEATRE.—“In case of fire, you are earnestly requested to seize the occupant by the arm, not by the hair, which belongs to the stage properties, and is consequently insured, while the actress is not.”

* * *

At Rouen, one night, *La Femme a Deux Maris* had been billed, and the house was already full, when the actor who had to play the blind father was taken suddenly ill. The stage manager came forward, and proposed to the audience to change the piece, but the public refused to accept the alteration, and a member of the company accordingly offered to read the part. To this solution of the difficulty the spectators consented, and they were accordingly treated to the phenomenon of a blind man reading with his eyes.

* * *

A FRENCH manager, named Revalard, who began as an actor at the Ambigu, and afterwards took a travelling company round the country, is celebrated for his waggery, which generally took the form of “bulls” that an Irishman need not disclaim. In the course of the bombardment scene in a melodrama one evening, a rocket stick struck a spectator in the pit; and Revalard, next day, fearing lest this accident might interfere with his receipts, had printed in large letters on the bills the following notice: “The public is respectfully informed that henceforth the bombardment will be carried on at the point of the bayonet only.” On another occasion, after giving several performances in a little town to empty benches, he issued a placard as follows: “M. Revalard and his company, touched by the cordial welcome which the inhabitants continue to accord them, beg to announce that, instead of leaving on Saturday, as advertised, they will take their departure to-morrow morning at six o’clock.”

* * *

THE late Charles Dillon used to relate an amusing incident that occurred to him whilst travelling in Australia. He was due in a certain far-away city which boasted two theatres, and each of the managers, it seems, had been in treaty to secure him for the same date. He closed with one, and started on his way. After a long and tedious journey he arrived. The first thing that attracted his attention was a huge, burly man, who, blazing with jewellery, and towering above the passengers, was shouting at the top of his voice: “Which is Charles Dillon?” Dillon waited till most of the crowd had dispersed, and then, timidly approaching the glittering giant, said: “I am.” “Thank goodness!” exclaimed the man; “I was afraid you wouldn’t come. I’m manager B.” In an instant Dillon felt himself hurried along as if impelled by some sudden shock, and only recovered when he had been deposited in a magnificently-appointed brougham, with the gorgeous Crumhells seated opposite. “Well, I’ve got ye!” The other manager tried for ye, but I’ve got ye!” “No doubt of it,” muttered Dillon, moving uneasily. “Isn’t he riled, too! What do you think he’s going to do to spite me?” “I don’t know.” “Why, play *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*!” “Indeed! Is that such a big draw here?” “Draw be hanged—no! It was arranged between us that the confounded piece should never be done; but he’s going to do it now because he knows that I’m an old ticket-of-leave man myself!”

TOO GARRULOUS.—The effect produced upon the illiterate by dramatic performances is something very curious. Not long since, a countryman being asked, after his first visit to the theatre, what he thought of the performance, replied that he considered "the little nigger (Othello) had done it as well as any of them," whilst an honest Welshman, having seen Irving as Hamlet, expressed his opinion that "It was very good, but the shentlemans in plack was say too much."

A COMICAL COUGH.—Tony Lee, a player in Charles the Second's reign, was troubled with a chronic cough, which militated greatly against his success upon the stage. One evening, having been killed in a tragedy, and having to lie some time upon the stage, before being closed in, his cough became troublesome, which occasioning much laughter and noise in the house, he quietly lifted up his head and, addressing the audience, said—"This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me, for she would often say I should cough in my grave."

HEARD at Olympia : Tommy—"Wouldn't it be a go if this place was to catch on fire. What would the people do?" Johnny—"Jump into the water, of course." Tommy—"I shouldn't ; it would be sure to *boil* !"

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN was on one occasion dining in New York, and was seated next to a lady who evidently thought she knew something about musicians. She naively enquired of Sir Arthur whether Bach was composing anything at present. "No," he replied, taking in the situation ; "at present he is decomposing."

A LADY was singing at a concert, and her voice, to say the least of it, was thin in places. "Ah," said her husband, "what a fine voice she has !" "Very fine," replied a strange man at his side. "What timbre !" "Considerable timbre," remarked the stranger again, "but too many cracks in it for an advertisement hoarding, and not quite enough for a paling."

HENRY IRVING tells a story with great gusto about a little girl. Mr. Irving was taking a holiday in a village in Dorset last summer, when he came across a number of children coming out of school. One little girl stood and looked him in the face, as though she had seen him before. After a time Irving said : "Well, little girl, do you know who I am ?" "Yes, sir," was the reply ; "you are one of Beecham's pills." The little girl had seen his face in an advertisement.

AN IMPORTANT MONOPOLY.—The veteran actor, Richings, on one occasion at least, found that it was almost as important for a "super" to know his part as for the chief actors. In the transformation scene of one of his pieces the flats had to draw off for the last tableau, and discover his daughter and himself in apotheosis in the clouds. On the occasion referred to he was a little slower than usual in changing his dress, and all the performers had taken their stations for the scene as he came rushing on with his daughter to complete the picture, when, to his horror, he discovered upon the elevation which they were to occupy a great, gaunt super in dirty tights, tin armour, and a gilt helmet, already in apotheosis. "What are you doing there, sir ?" gasped Richings, as soon as he could find breath. "Standing in

'ipothisis," responded the super, who had evidently read the play-bills, and was proud of his position. "Come down, you scoundrel! come down at once!" ejaculated Richings, who imagined the man was chaffing him. "The manager told me to stand 'ere in this 'ere 'ipothisis," responded the super, sturdily, with the air of a Roman sentinel ready to die at his post. "But do you know where you are, sir?" shrieked Richings. "You are in heaven, sir—in heaven; and, hang you, sir, no one is allowed there but Caroline and myself—no one!"

SOME quaint stories are told of the criticisms of the visitors to the "Enfant Prodigue," the musical play without words. A worthy gentleman and his wife came up from the country, and, hearing and reading such favourable accounts of the performance, sent for seats. No stalls were procurable, and they had to put up with places at the back of the dress circle. They were much disappointed, and freely expressed that sentiment when they got home and were asked how they liked the play. "I consider that we wasted our money," said the lady, with some asperity. "It is the worst theatre for sound I was ever in. I assure you throughout the whole evening we did not hear a single word!" Another anecdote is of a well-meaning lady, who, having ascertained that the play conveyed an excellent moral, took a party of girls there in order that they might improve their French accent.

DRAMATIST: "I've got a new play that's a corker. The heroine falls into a real thrashing-machine, is rescued by the driver, and marries him. It's going to cost me one thousand and five pounds to put it on the stage." Friend: "What's the odd five pounds for?" Dramatist: "Oh! I paid that to a newspaper fellow for writing the piece."

ONE night, at a country theatre, to the great delight of the yokels, the bull-dog in the play, whose part was to seize the villain by the throat and hold on for dear life, succeeded in dragging from under the actor's collar the piece of liver which coaxed him on, and, taking it before the footlights, he sat down and quietly ate it, while the villain escaped.

SHE sang "Take back the heart that thou gavest" very sweetly and effectively, but he said he was a newspaper man, and never took anything back.

THE editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

THE following is a criticism of "Hamlet" by a genius in New South Wales:—"There is too much chinning in the piece. The author is behind the times, and appears to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives. In the hands of a skilful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have excited the audience out of their number elevens. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet cheeks his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation, and it is not improved when the dreary old ghost comes in and blows him up. Our advice to the author is a little more action, a little more fine sentiment, and a fair share of variety business in his next

piece. In the speciality parts of the play-scene he has entirely missed his opportunities."

NOT TO BE SAT UPON.—The audiences of France have always been of an excitable nature, and an entire history could be written of the various scenes which have taken place at the appearance of this or that actor or singer. None of these, however, are more ludicrous than the tumults which ensued last century when Mademoiselle Laulaire was forced upon an unwilling public by Royal favour. The first evening hisses, whistles, and cat-calls intimated that the singer was not wanted. These were interdicted by the governor of the province, so that the next night there seemed to be an epidemic of catarrh in the audience, and each auditor was obliged to cough or sneeze during the performance. The governor's soldiers cured the malady by taking many of the invalids to prison. The next night a young man brought a small dog with him, and accidentally trod on its tail at intervals during the performance, which caused the audience to cry, "Take the animal away," but with eyes directed towards the stage. More arrests followed. The next night, however, the climax was reached, when an auditor threw one of his boots at the singer. Soldiers were instantly posted at the doors to catch the culprit when he should come out. The very first man came out with but one shoe on, and was instantly arrested. The next, however, also had on but a single foot-covering; and as the audience began to file out the soldiers found to their dismay that each wore one boot only. The culprit remained undiscovered, and the singer gave up the contest.

THE children of the third standard of the West Ham Board School were being examined the other day, and among other questions put to one of them was the following:—"How many lords do you know of?" The reply was "Only two; Lord George Sanger and the Lord Mayor of London." An answer which cused much merriment.

THE world is getting to know something of its greatest men at last—thanks to the School Board. At another recent examination a little girl was asked to name the six most eminent living Englishmen. This was rather a large order; it was, at all events, a good deal too much for that little girl, who only succeeded—after long hesitation—in calling to mind one living being worthy of inclusion in the eminent half dozen. Need we say that that one was Augustus Harris?

PATTI is said to have made over £500,000 with her voice. And yet men are unreasonable enough to expect women to keep their mouths shut.

"PROMPT."—Utility Lady (hurrying in, breathless, five minutes after the call for the distribution of parts for the new spectacular production): "What do I get?" Stage Manager (promptly): "You get a shillin' fine for bein' late, and you're the Empress of India in the prologue, and Queen of Night in the last act; and you don't want to show up in them old blue satin shoes again, for you've got to sit on a gold throne ten feet high, and put your foot on the neck of the King of Persia in the last act. Now you come here to-morrow at ten, letter perfect, or you'll be back in the second row, carryin' a tin sword, first thing you know."

"COUNTRY audiences," writes Mr. Grossmith, "are certainly most en-

thusiastic and delightful to entertain. Of course there are exceptions, and the following is an amusing one. We were at some little place in the country, and when my father concluded the first portion of the entertainment, he said to the chairman, who followed him into the ante-room: "The audience seems most enthusiastic." The chairman replied: "Do you think so?" "Well, I thought they were, if anything, too enthusiastic; for they were knocking their umbrellas and sticks on the ground all the time." The chairman replied languidly: "Oh, that wasn't applause! You see our post-office is at the other end of the room, and they are simply stamping the letters for the up-mail."

A MUSICAL RACE.—At a concert held lately in a village not a hundred miles from Glasgow, a duet on the piano and violin was being played by a lady and gentleman when some gentlemen entered the hall. Among these was one who belonged to the sporting fraternity, and who evidently had not heard much of this sort of music before; for he stopped at the door and listened attentively for a few moments, and then, thinking that each was trying to get to the end first, he startled those near him by such exclamations as: "The fiddle has it! Three to one on the fiddle! No, the piano! Good old piano; the piano for ever!" When both musicians stopped at the same time, a shade of disappointment was seen to cross his face, and he was heard to mutter: "A dead heat, by Jove! Who'd have thought it?"

A ROYAL SUPER.—One night during the run of *Money* at Mr. Bancroft's theatre, a royal personage went behind the scenes to congratulate the managers on the manner in which the piece was being received. The curtain was next to rise on the "Club" scene; and, as the players were taking, or had already taken, their allotted places, the royal personage proceeded to make his way to the box. As he passed the wings, he paused to look on the stage—a very natural proceeding—and an energetic stage-manager, who was on duty that night, observed him. The Prince stood and gazed, and the stage-manager, running up to him, tapped him impatiently on the shoulder, and cried out: "Now, then, my dear fellow, make haste! Get on! get on! Take your place! The curtain will be up in half a moment, and here you are waiting about! Why don't you get on at once?" and he endeavoured to push the stranger on to the stage. The fact was that the stage-manager took the Prince for one of the well-dressed young men who went on for the "Club" scene. The others were all on the stage waiting for the curtain to rise, and, as the stage-manager supposed, here was one who would be too late to be "discovered."

ONE of the best stories of Mr. Toole's Australian tour has just been told on this side of the Equator. It so happened that Sir Charles Halle preceded Mr. Toole at a leading goldfields centre in Victoria. Mayors of golden cities are very lavish in their hospitalities, and insist on every distinguished visitor quaffing champagne in the town-hall. This particular Mayor was more remarkable for his good social qualities than his scholarship, and in proposing the health of the eminent musician he persistently gave the surname of Sir Charles in one syllable—"Hal"—until he was nudged and corrected by a learned Alderman. After a few weeks Mr. Toole came along that way, and the Mayor was resolved on not laying himself open to public correction this time. He would be sure of his two syllables with the "accent on," and so the genial actor found himself pleasantly referred to throughout the mayoral speech as Mr. "Tooley."

ON one occasion Mr. William Shakespeare, the popular musician, went to a theatre and occupied a box which a friendly comedian had sent him. Between the acts he went round to the dressing-room of his friend, naturally sending up his name first. He was cordially welcomed, his friend's dresser looking at him with much interest. When he left, the dresser, having bowed him out, returned to his master's side, and observed interrogatively : "Son of the well-known hauthor, I presume, sir."

WITH TWO P's.—Barham records an amusing story of King, the actor, who, meeting an old friend whose name he could not recollect, took him home to dinner. By way of making the discovery, he addressed him in the evening, having previously made several ineffectual efforts : "My dear sir, my friend here any myself have had a dispute as to how you spell your name ; indeed, we have laid a bottle of wine upon it." "Oh, with two P's," was the answer, which left them just as wise as before.

A POPULAR dramatist was at a party the other evening, and, coming out, was with a crowd of other gentlemen at the door. One of them mistook him for a waiter. It is a kind of blunder that is not unfrequently made, and originates in a pardonable and warranted misconception. "Oh, please," said the guest, "call me a four-wheeler." "Certainly, I will," said the dramatist ; "you are a four-wheeler." He then waited till the storm of indignation on the part of the mistaken guest and of amusement on the part of all the others had subsided, before he added, "You know I cannot call you a hansom."

AN actor, now famous, made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial city. He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was trying to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of disagreeable *bric-a-brac*. One of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage-head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the footlights. He raised his hand to command silence, and, pointing to the cabbage-head, said :—"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that anyone in the audience would lose his head over it." He was allowed to proceed without further delay.

AT a dinner held in New York not long ago, the guests fell to discussing the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Among the guests was an aged Western gentleman, who said very little and listened a great deal. Finally he was asked what he thought of the question. "Well, he replied deliberately, "of course I don't know much about it ; but if Lord Bacon did not write those plays, he lost the greatest opportunity of his life !" For a wonder, this view of the controversy was received without a dissenting voice.

GARRICK A TIMBER MERCHANT.—Rogers, describing to Foote some remarks made by Garrick on Lacy's love of money, as a mere attempt to cover his own parsimony by throwing it on his fellow-patentee, had ended with the old question of "Why on earth didn't Garrick take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's?" "He is not sure," said Foote, "of selling the timber."

A PUZZLING CUE.—Quin, when acting "Judge Balance" in the *Re-*

cruiting Officer, thus addressed Mrs. Woffington: "Sylvia, what age were you when your dear mother married?" The actress remained silent, when Quin proceeded, "I ask what age you were when your mother was born?" "I regret," replied "Sylvia," "I cannot answer your question; but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died."

THERE is a story of Barnum's grief at seeing money turned away from one of the shows. "Here," cried Barnum suddenly to a scene-painter, "take a piece of canvas four feet square and paint on it in large letters, 'To the egress.'" This was nailed over the door leading to the back-stairs. "Sure that's an animal we haven't seen!" cried the visitors—it was St. Patrick's Day—as soon as they caught sight of the new canvas, and down they poured in a stream, only to find they had got outside the museum at the back to make way for those waiting to get in the front.

LEADING Tragic Man: "Did you see how I paralysed the audience in that death scene? By George, they were crying all over the house!" Stage Manager: "Yes. They knew you weren't really dead."

AUTHOR (of new play in far Western theatre): "Hark! What's that queer noise?" Western Manager: "Comes from the audience." "Eh? Is that their style of applauding?" "No. It's the clicking of their revolvers. I think they are getting ready to call for the author."

At a theatrical agency where strong men sometimes rage is to be seen the following:—"A man is specially engaged and kept in the backyard to do all the shouting, cursing, and swearing that are required in this establishment. A dog does all the barking. Our fighting man (or chucker-out) has won ninety-five prize fights, and is a splendid shot with a revolver. An undertaker calls here every morning for orders. For further information, apply, &c."

PROFESSOR Half Rest (at a concert): "Why these unrestrained tears, friend? Have you received sudden bad tidings that you sob so loud in a public place?" Happy Whiskers: "They are tears of joy, old man. See that programme, 'Little Annie Rooney to be executed by the military band at 2.30.' To think the little cuss is to die at last. It's too good to be true. Tell 'em to dig her grave deep, stranger." (Exit, weeping ecstatically.)

A THEATRICAL company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally that to many of the audience it seemed so real, they went to sleep.

MR. J. W. HALL, the representative of Johnny Stout in the pantomime at Halifax, has been telling a local interviewer that during his career he has met some queer characters. "I was taking a benefit at Wigan one Friday," said he, "and was delivering my hand bills to a host of colliers who were just leaving the pit, when one of them came up to me and asked, 'Ar't' ta him 'at sings 'Silly Tommy?'" I said I was, and he then said, 'Well, I'm coming deawn to neet, an' if tha does na sing it I shall put mi clog in thi ribs.' Of course I sang it."

A WELL-KNOWN man about town dropped in one night at the Shaftesbury Avenue hall during the time Lieut. Walter Cole was occupying the stage. "Sam," said he to Mr. Adams, "that's a clever ventriloquist; why, he's better

than Cole—smarter figures, funnier patter, and all that sort of thing, don't you know." "Yes," replied Sam, slyly, scenting a joke; "I picked him up in the country; he is jolly good isn't he? Come to-morrow night, and I'll introduce you to him." When to-morrow evening came, Sam and about a dozen choice spirits, were assembled in the saloon. When the invited guest arrived, Mr. Adams immediately took him by the hand and said:—"Mr. H—, allow me to introduce you to our new ventriloquist Lieutenant Cole." Loud laughter and "drinks round" followed.

CHILD:—"Jack the Giant Killer was very long, wasn't it mamma?" Mamma: "Yes, dear, and very stylish." Child: "The ballet girls don't sing, do they, mamma?" Mamma: "No, dear." Child: "Why do they have the ballet, then, mamma?" Papa: "To make the opera as broad as it is long, my darling. Don't ask any more questions."

BIRDS of a feather flock together, but girls in high hats covered in cock's plumage who go to *matinees* generally seem to be all over the first three rows of the stalls.

"ISN'T that the gentleman who paid our fare, and was so polite the other night?" she asked at the Royalty, in a whisper. "Yes." "And why does he treat us so coolly to-night?" "Hush! He has his reasons. That's his wife with him."

"THIN?" exclaimed Corney, who had been describing a very thin low comedian of his acquaintance. "I should rather think he was thin. Why, the other day I happened to be in Charing Cross Station with him, and what do you think he did? Walked up to the Automatic Sweetmeat Box, dropped himself in, and came out of the slot with his hands full of packets of butter scotch! Thin—Great Scott!"

THE following is a notice of the "Red Barn," in Dakota:—"First night of the dancing goat, who goes through the intricacies of a cotillion like a feller critter. The performances of the dog Billy, a quadruped that reckons up figures like a piece of chalk and works problems in algebra with one leg tied behind him. Admission ten cents. No corn will be taken at the door."

AT THE PLAY.—Deadhead to acting manager: "I say, send dear old Foodle a stall, won't you?" Act. Man.: "Foodle! Not me. Why, he always comes in late, and chatters all through the piece just as if he was a blooming critic."

THE most paying form of literature, if you can only carry it out successfully, is forgery. You have comparatively little writing to get through; you can make the remuneration what you please; you can work when and how you like. And, after all, the risk is very little greater than that run by an editor who indulges in dramatic criticism!

HER FIRST THEATRE.—They sat anxiously awaiting the rise of the curtain. The play was one of those melodramas that cause the hair to stand on its hind legs and stay there. Finally the tootle of the trumpet and the wheeze of the enchiridion died away like so many barbers, the bass drummer stopped making base-hits, and the curtain rolled softly and smoothly up. Neither the house in the background nor the large rock in the foreground

came through, nor did any of the water in the distance drop on the stage. The people retained their places in the boat just near the bridge, and the cow went on munching the clover. Finally the villain, in a brown overcoat and silk hat shot and killed the fifty-shilling a week man who could not act at all, but was only there to be murdered. The young lady became greatly alarmed. "Don't be frightened," said her escort "they're only doing this for a salary. They'll do it to-morrow at the *matinee*, and over again in the evening. The murdered man is by this time taking a drink at Short's, and he will probably be back in an hour and a half to capture the murderer." Just then the murderer commenced to fly into a paroxysm of rage. "Oh, oh!" said the girl. "Don't be at all alarmed; he is not in an ill-humour even. He is just as full of fun as he can be. He does that thing eight times a week, and, probably, at the present moment he is asking the leader of the orchestra under his breath to lend him five shillings." "But hasn't he delirium tremens?" "He has not. He not only hasn't tremens, but he doesn't possess even a single tremen. In all probability he hasn't had a drink for a week. It would take five times as much as he would hold to affect him." "But why does he put his foot down so firmly?" "Because he thinks he is walking on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Liverpool Railroad and he skips as lightly over the sleepers as a grave-digger." For quite a time everything went well. Then there was a winter scene, and a woman dying hungry in a snow drift. "Oh, this is terrible!" sighed the young girl. "It is almost as warm on the stage as here," chimed in the young man; "and at the present moment the supes are probably arranging a summer scene on the back of the stage, with beautiful paper roses growing out of shaggy door mats, painted green to look like grass." "But she seems to be starving." "But she isn't, though. That actress lives at Victoria Mansions, and you can see that she is stout and suffering from indigestion. If you think she is starving in rags, just look a moment, and you will see a diamond cross on her bosom. You can rest assured that she is not hungry at all; and, if she is, she can easily have a sandwich between the acts. She is well paid for starving, as you can see by her well-fed look, and probably she's wondering now if the silk dress which the dressmaker promised for to-morrow will be sent home inside of a week." "I cannot help feeling sorry for one lost in the snow." "Snow!" said the young man, smilingly. "Don't you know that all theatrical people are more or less accustomed to snow? Don't you know that they gracefully roll out of a railway carriage at night and tuck themselves away in a snow-drift? Anyhow, that is not snow. It is note-paper, and the man who is conducting the snowstorm isn't spreading it enough. It doesn't fall on the poor woman so that she can die properly. It is all going on one side of her now, without touching her, as she wrings her hands with the b-i-t-t-e-r co-c-cold. That snow-storm isn't two feet wide. Besides, it isn't snow. It's note paper torn up. And, by gracious! I just saw some lavender flakes, and one of them had 'Dear sir' on it." . . . "But just see—they are going to push that fellow into the river!" "There is no water there; it is green cloth, shaken to look like water, and, when the man is pushed off, he will strike that water so hard that you will hear a thud all over the house, and he will probably be badly bruised." Just then he disappeared from view, and landed in the water with a crash, not a splash. And the young lady kept on worrying, as though she was looking at real anguish and suffering. First she would sigh and then shed tears, until she really appeared to be in a great state of agitation. Her sympathies were thoroughly aroused, and her tender heart was touched hundreds of times by the pathos of hundreds of things she saw. And the next day she related it all to some of her friends—how she sighed and cried and suffered, and then assured them that she had never before had such a splendid time in all her life.

MME. MODJESKA, the actress, is a bright woman who doesn't hesitate to play practical jokes in an innocent and justifiable way. She was recently a visitor at a mansion and was asked for a brief recitation. But though she racked her brain nothing *apropos* recurred to her, and finally she begged to be let off with a short selection in her native tongue. The suggestion was applauded and madame began. Although her listeners could not understand her words, her gestures and some thrilling tones held them enchained until the final syllable, when she was overwhelmed with plaudits. As she was preparing to depart, her hostess asked her for the title of the selection she had given, and, much to her surprise, madame went into a small-sized paroxysm of laughter. "I am sorry to deceive you," she said, smiling, "but my recitation hasn't any name. My memory failed so badly that as a last resort I recited the numbers from one to two hundred and thirty in Polish."

DOROTHY'S MUSIC.—Mamma thinks Dorothy's taste needs to be cultivated. There was company at tea one evening a little while ago, and afterward one of the ladies played on the piano. She plays very well, but Dorothy was not interested. Presently she said: "Now I'm going to play something especially for Dorothy." It was a very merry kind of tune, that made us all feel like laughing. When she finished, Dorothy exclaimed: "Oh, my! Wasn't it lovely? Sounded just like a hand organ!"

A VAIN REGRET.—Theatrical Manager (to dramatist): "I am sorry to inform you, Herr Shiftler, that I am unable to keep my promise to bring out your play." Dramatist: "Ach, Herrjeh? And there if I haven't been and got married on the strength of it!"—*Der Ulk*.

"ONLY to-day I saw a coat which had no buttons at all," said comic man, "What! not even down the front?" inquired the leading lady. "Not a button." "Wasn't it finished?" "Yes, finished, and in use." "What kind of a coat was it?" "A coat of paint."

FIRST THEATRE-GOER: "How was the new play last night?" Second Theatre-goer (enthusiastically): "Grand! They had a big tank of real water and one of the supers got drowned."

PAPER MAN: "Why didn't you bring out the author at the the close of your first production of his play?" Manager: "I tried to do so, but his head was so swelled that I couldn't get him between the wings."

"AH, you don't know what muthical enthuthiathm ith!" said a music mad-miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, madam," replied the wit, "but I do. Musical enthusiasm is like turtle-soup; for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' heads in proportion."

A COMPANY of thirty actors can be engaged for £6 in China to play as many dramas, vaudevilles, and comedies as may be desired for two days at a stretch. The ordinary seats cost about a halfpenny, the best run to three-halfpence or twopence.

THE mania for authorship was once illustrated. A young man offered to the manager of a French theatre an original play, which was utterly devoid

of merit. The manager tried to cure the youth of his passion by representing the perils of embarking on the dramatic sea, and recommended him to turn his attention to some ordinary employment. "Ah, sir," was the youth's reply, "I must follow my destiny; were I the only creature in the world, I must be an author!"

"So, you are studying for the stage, my dear?" "Oh, yes. I have been working for several months." "I suppose it is very hard work?" "Indeed it is. You have no idea how tiresome it becomes to sit at a dress-maker's all day long, having one new costume fitted on after another."

ART AND NATURE.—Husband—"What was that you were playing, my dear?" Wife—"Did you like it?" "It was lovely! the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!" "It is the very thing I played last evening, and you said it was horrid." "Well, the steak was burned last evening."

A HUCKSTER who hawked old harness about London streets in the day fell asleep one evening in a box at Drury Lane, during a benefit performance. At the most interesting point of the piece, while Garrick and Mrs. Bellamy were on the stage, she suddenly awoke, and began to sing out mechanically her every day cry: "Cruppers cheap!" "Cruppers cheap!" The effect of this interruption was so disastrous that the curtain had to be rung down, and the play went no further.

"KINDER-OPERETTE" is the horrid name given to the latest thing in children's musical performance. It is pantomine opera in a mild form, and is not likely to kill at anything over a hundred yards.

THE manager of a concert in a town near Boston announced to the audience that owing to the illness of one of the artistes, a well-known singer, had volunteered as a substitute, and would contribute "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town." A rival singer in the audience whispered to a friend, "That will be nearer than he got to it the last time I heard him sing it!"

AT a theatre in Wolverhampton, a poor dancer who had to perform with a skipping-rope covered with burning material, got set alight. Several persons rushed from the wing and extinguished the flames, but not before the dancer was more or less burnt. What a pity they didn't extinguish the manager, too, for allowing such an exhibition!

ACTORS and actresses have a good deal of fun among themselves on the stage, though "guying" is strongly discountenanced by good managers. Generally the fun is impromptu: but sometimes a joke is carefully planned beforehand. In a performance of "The Lady of the Lake," one of the principal actors—Roderick Dhu—was known to be in pecuniary difficulties. When Roderick gave the line: "I am Roderick Dhu," Fitz-James responded "Yes, and your rent's due, too."

CONSISTENT IN ALL THINGS.—The Rev. Mr. Blank (at the rehearsal of the wedding ceremony to the groom)—"And now, Mr. Canvas, have you the ring?" Mr. Canvas—"Yes, sir. Three of 'em." "Why, you don't need three

rings!" "I know it; but you see, I'm in the circus biz, and I thought it would be a purty good ad. for my show to have three rings used in the ceremony. See?"

FELIX, the famous comedian of the Paris Vaudeville, once lodged with a young lieutenant of infantry, who was then almost equally impecunious. They became great friends, borrowed of each other clothes, petty cash, and such small matters, but by no means small to them. At last one day Felix asked the loan of a shirt. "There's the lot; choose the best," said the lieutenant. The lot consisted of three, and in choosing the hopefulest, the actor made the apology:—"I don't know if I told you, but I'm going to be married to-morrow." Felix afterwards made a fortune, and by his will left a handsome legacy to his old friend, and the officer lived to enjoy it.—*La Vie Parisienne*.

It was the fair artiste, temporarily out of a job, and killing time by pasting newspaper cuttings on to a screen. "Splendid!" she remarked after a time, pausing to examine the effect of Lord Salisbury's legs, Randy's moustache, and the Grand Old Man's collar in one extraordinary jumble. "I had no idea politicians *could* be so useful!" High opinion of politicians has the fair artiste, anyhow!

In the Police-court scene in the Grand pantomime, Mr. Harry Randall (the Idle Apprentice) was accustomed to say, when placed in the dock, "Is this a presentation? Well, I'll have a watch." A few admirers of the popular comedian have taken the hint and presented him with a "ticker" of Brobdingnagian proportions; and it is now usual for his friends to worry him with enquiries about the time. But he likes it, as it affords him an opportunity of displaying the wonderful timekeeper.

THE JURY RETIRED.—One of the most amusing yet unexpected sensation scenes ever witnessed in a theatre occurred once at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The curtain drew up for Mr. Toole to address the court *In re* Bardell v. Pickwick, when the jury mysteriously disappeared, their "box" suddenly giving way and engulfing the "good men and true." At first the vast audience who crowded every part of the theatre were silent, fearing some dreadful accident had occurred; but as the unlucky jurymen rapidly reappeared unhurt, though looking foolish, they broke out into perfect hurricane of laughter, which lasted several minutes. The curtain had to be dropped to allow the jury to be "boxed" again, and when Mr. Toole began his address he provoked another burst of risibility by alluding to the jury as "that worthy body of steadfast and immovable men."

AN UNWELCOME BOUQUET.—A lady, as well known for her artistic abilities as for her want of punctuality in the payment of her debts, was a "bright particular star" at Her Majesty's Theatre during the operatic season. She was wanted by Mr. P., a solicitor, who was anxious to serve her with a "process." The lady was coy, and could not be interviewed. Mr. P. therefore took a stage box on the pit tier, and when the lady had finished a well-executed air he gallantly threw to her a beautiful bouquet, which had figured in front of his box. The lady took it up and smiled graciously upon her admirer. Nestling in the flowers was a note. Was it a billet-doux? The lady slowly drew it forth. She opened it. Alas! it was not a tender

of a heart and hand. It commenced "Victoria." She started back, for her name was not Victoria. The missive was from Her Majesty to the artiste. It bore a seal, but not of Hymen. It was, indeed, a writ. The lady treated the matter as a theatrical joke. The Court of Queen's Bench did not. Judgment was obtained, and the lady was arrested as she was leaving the theatre with her weekly salary, and her daughter by her side. She was taken to a sponging-house. That evening she was to appear in one of her best parts. A gallant nobleman, hearing of what had occurred, came to the rescue and obtained her release.

* * *

FRED STOREY's legs are fit and well. It is not true that he takes them off after the show.

* * *

A BABY IN NEED.—Miss Victoria Vokes, second of the sisters in the Vokes family, has been informing a reporter about her *debut*. My father, she said, a hearty old gentleman, was a naval and military uniform maker in London, his business being principally in the manufacture of gold and silver lace and bullions that adorn English uniforms. One of his friends was Manager Creswick, of the Surrey Theatre, and my father was once ordered to make adornments for a gorgeous band of foreign major-generals, wanted in a spectacular melodrama. It was this friendship of my father with Creswick that led to his infant family becoming the band of strolling players known to crowned heads and the populace as the "Vokes Family." We were all taken by papa to see the uniforms of the major-generals. Creswick gave us a box. I was a baby in arms, but I went with the rest, and on that very evening I made my *debut* before the admiring public. In the piece was a baby. At the time the baby should have been brought on to be kissed by its persecuted, on-her-way-to-Siberia mother, it was taken with colic, and the management were in a quandary. At that point I raised my voice and crowed at Fred, who was trying to stand on his head in a corner of the box, to the agitation of my mother. Creswick saw his salvation. He rushed round to us. "Lend me your baby, Vokes," he cried. "But, my dear sir," exclaimed my astonished father. "Oh, that's all right; Mrs. Vokes can stand in the wings. Now give me the baby and save the scene." I was deposited, with my legs and fists going like windmills, in Creswick's arms, and my mother followed, Fred clinging to her skirts, and my father bringing up the rear. I was placed in the arms of the "afflicted Countess," and slowly carried to the footlights, where I was kissed and wept over. All through it I crowed heartily. A big round of applause greeted my efforts, and, when I was snatched from the embrace of the "afflicted Countess" by one of the fiercest of the major-generals, the action was received with a storm of hisses from pit and gallery. I was restored to my legitimate mother, and my *debut* was over.

* * *

THERE is a good story told of an actor in connection with his power of quelling an uproar among the audience. One night a perfect riot occurred at the end of the first act of a new piece. The noise brought the actor upon the stage. "What is all this?" he asked, peremptorily. Unintelligible yells and shouts from all parts of the house. "Look here!" said he, on the first approach of silence, shaking his finger menacingly at the audience generally. "If there is any more of this disturbance you shall have your orders back!"

* * *

THE following notice was displayed one evening outside a small theatre at which a travelling troupe was about to give a performance: "On account of the loss of Desdemona's pocket-handkerchief, "Hamlet" will be given this evening instead of "Othello."

Mr. C. H. Fox, costumier and wig maker, of London, tells an amusing story of some amateur actors, to whom he had sent some wigs on hire for a performance of "Caste." In order that the moustaches might not be used with the wrong wigs, they were carefully pinned to the wigs with which they were to be worn. Mr. Fox received a letter thanking him for sending such nice wigs, but adding that he had forgotten to send the moustaches. They had been worn pinned to the wigs as sent.

GARRICK SIMULATING DRUNKENNESS.—Garrick, says Mr. Sala in his *Journal* when on a visit to France, was taking a country airing on horseback with Preville, a Parisian actor. The latter performed the part of a drunken cavalier, and was applauded by his companion. One thing, however, Garrick thought was wanting—he did not make his legs drunk. "I will show you an English blood," said Garrick, "who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse on a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He at once proceeded to exhibit all the stages of intoxication. He called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared; at length he lost his whip; his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups; the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner that Preville cried out in horror, and, hastening to his side, could get no answers to his questions. Preville wiped the dust from his face, and asked again with emotion and anxiety whether he was hurt. Garrick half opened one of his eyes, hiccupped, and called for another glass. Preville was astonished; and when Garrick started up and resumed his natural demeanour, the French actor exclaimed, "My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

INSISTED ON SEEING HIM KILLED.—"Many years ago, when the stage was not what it is now by any means," said a well-respected member of one of the oldest of our theatrical families, "my father was the proprietor of a travelling theatre, and a rival of the Wilds, Dick Thorne, and other celebrities, of the time. I may here say that my father and mother brought sixteen of us up to the dramatic business. "We used always to winter in Leeds, our booth being located in the old cattle-market, and we had as 'heavy' man an individual of the name of Sam Hudson, who always used to play the part of the various villains, and as such used to have to be killed at least seven or eight times a week—often twice in one night, in fact. "Well, Hudson one season had a benefit set apart for him, and what should he elect to play but two pieces in which he appeared as the two virtuous heroes. There was a fine house, and Hudson was loudly applauded when the curtain fell on the second drama. The band struck up the National Anthem, but, to the great surprise of my 'dad' and others 'behind,' the audience showed no signs of moving. My father stepped before the curtain, explained that the show was over, and asked the audience to kindly retire. 'What!' shouted several of the audience; 'that's nowt of a tale. It's noan over yet; it can't be, for Sam Hudson hesn't been killed yet.' "It was no use explaining that Hudson had for once elected to be virtuous. Killed he must be before the people would retire, so we played an abridged melodrama, and duly finished him off."

THAT sterling old American actor, Edwin Kelly, narrates a very funny experience of his while travelling with a company in Pennsylvania. The

train broke down, and a delay of a few hours occurred. The boys hunted round and discovered a small grog shanty, into which they all tumbled pell-mell. The only drinkable was lager beer, with which they regaled themselves. The barmaid was a fine buxom old lady of some sixty summers. "And pwhat may yez be?" queried the old lady. "We are actors," answered Edwin. "An' pwhat are actors?" came the cross-question. "Well, we go on the stage, and we play a piece. Educate the people and please the public." "Och! is that pwhat yez are? Ye go on the stage and play. Shure it's a pity, a great pity. Sech moighty foine young fellers as yez are too. An' they're wantin' young men on the railways here all the year round, bedad!"

FIRST opera diva: "My daughter Anita has inherited my voice." Second do.: "Oh, that accounts for it. I was wondering what had become of it." And then the wigs flew.

Most people wear coloured spectacles of some kind, and whatever they see takes the hue of the glasses. A famous foreign operatic conductor lately visited Stratford-on-Avon. He was one of a select coaching party, and his companions soon perceived that he felt no very lively interest in the Shakespeare monument and other objects over which all visitors to the place are expected to wax enthusiastic. "Shakespeare? Oh, yes, Shakespeare," he murmured, wearily, and one of the party volunteered a hint. "You recollect, maestro, 'Amletto,' and 'Romeo Giulietta'?" The popular conductor at once brightened. "Ah, yes," he replied, "I quite understand. Ze librettist."

THE manager of a New York theatre says that a handful of dainty handkerchiefs are left in his theatre every night. He has a room set apart for articles picked up in the auditorium after the play. Among the "finds" are gloves, opera glasses, rings, breast pins, cuff buttons, and jewelled garters. Many years ago he found a baby. The baby—a little girl—had been left in a chair. It was wrapped in a shawl. The actors made inquiry everywhere for the waif's parents, but never could find the slightest clue to them. So an actress of the company took the little one in her keeping, fell in love with her, and the waif is one of the brightest soubrettes on the American stage to-day.

A LADY told a good story the other day about Sir Michael Costa. After describing to her a recent great Leeds musical festival performance, the celebrated conductor added:—"Madam, the ladies of the chorus were quite exuberant! One of them, a pretty Yorkshire young woman, came up to me as I was entering my room, and said: 'Oh, Sir Michael, your conduct like an angel; I should so much like to kiss you.'" "Well, Sir Michael," eagerly inquired the lady, "and did you kiss her?" "Madam, madam," he instantly answered; "if you please, really that is my business."

MANAGER: "I am greatly disappointed in your acting, sir. You have completely ruined my new play by your cold and wooden performance in the love scenes." Leading Man (angrily): "Then why in thunder do you have a leading lady who eats onions?"

HE PLAYED THE PART AFTER ALL.—Very grandiloquent and haughtily stagey indeed in everyday life are many of the representatives of "heavy"

parts on the stage, as though they unconsciously derived something of the dignity and high-and-mightiness of the characters they are wont to assume. I remember a very inflated "heavy man" in the provinces who was engaged to play a part in a revival of *Macbeth*. Strolling down to the theatre, he ran his eye over the cast-list of the play, and there found himself down for the part of Rosse. With great dignity he called for the stage-manager, and assuming his most tragic air, said, "What is all this about, sir? I don't play Rosse; I play Macduff, sir!" "You must see the guv'nor, said the stage-manager. "I will, sir, and at once," was the reply. "Rosse, indeed! No, no; nevah, nevah such a degradation as that" Entering the sanctum of the manager with his best melodramatic stride, the indignant heavy gentleman said: "Mr. Tiptopper, sir, what is the meaning of this? I don't play Rosse." "Very well, sir," answered the manager, firmly; "then you at once leave the theatre." "Oh, ah, then I do play Rosse," said the crushed exponent of "heavies," humbly retiring.

A CIRCUS man recently ordered a large advertising poster of his show to be printed, and objected because there was so much in it. "I ain't agoin' to advertise the sky," he said to the lithographer. I paid you to advertise my show. Draw a few camels and stick them up in the 'cavenly blue. I ain't agoin' to have all that good space run to waste."

THE *furor* for the introduction of children into the concert-room, not only in small towns, but in great cities, recalls an "infant phenomenon" who was brought into a drawing-room several years ago to exhibit her proficiency upon the piano. She took her seat, and played with the utmost complacency and self-possession. The applause, which was intended to put a stop to her performance, she took for encouragement to go on, and she stopped only at the end of her "piece," which lasted more than an hour. "I was a good deal more interested at the beginning than at the conclusion," remarked one weary listener. "Why?" he was asked. "Because the child was so much younger."

MR. HENRY IRVING's spider-like handwriting is not of the most legible description. A friend had asked him for seats for his family to see "Henry VIII." and the manager had scrawled on a half-sheet of notepaper the words, "Lyceum Theatre, private box," etc. In the afternoon the gentleman had occasion to send to have a prescription for influenza made up, and by some mistake the wrong document was handed to the chemist. All the same, a bottle of medicine duly came back.

"My benefit is to come off next week--Friday. Can't you assist, Miss Valdini!" "I can't possibly be there, but you may announce me, and I will send a doctor's certificate to satisfy the audience."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—(A couple of children are pretending.) Girl: "I tell you no! If you are only going to be a common soldier, I cannot play with you as a lady; you will have to be a lieutenant." Boy: "Not if I know it! Of course, a lieutenant, and bring you flowers, and write you letters, and all the rest of it. I shall remain what I am, a common soldier, and you'll have to be a cook, and bring me something good to eat!"

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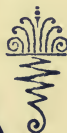
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